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THE
LOYAL GARLAND,

Containing choice Songs and Sonnets of
our late unhappy Revolutions.

at.
*Very delightful and profitable, both to this present,
and future Ages.*

Published by S. N. A Lover of Mirth.

The fourth Edition, with Additions.



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ROYAL OLYMPIA

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1884

WASHINGTON, D.C.

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*A Table of the Sonnets
contained in this Book.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| D efacing of <i>White-</i>
<i>ball.</i> | The silly Shepherd. |
| The Loyal Soldier. | Upon the Goldfinchs
Committee. |
| The Holly-bush. | In praise of Brewers. |
| The Independent Red-
coat. | The Contest. |
| London Pamphleteers. | The fond Amorist. |
| The Soldiers Delight. | On Women. |
| The Time-server : A
Medley. | The satiated Lover. |
| Loyalist and Round-
head. | A Love Riddle. |
| Gerards Mistress. | The loving Contest. |
| The scornful Lover. | In praise of his Mistress. |
| Upon an Act for Treas-
on. | A Love-Song. |
| A Song upon a Recan-
ting Lover. | A Pastoral Song : With
the Answer. |
| Of Titulary Honor. | Upon Charing-Cross. |
| The New Droll. | A Song in derision of
his Mistress. |
| Upon the New-found
Wells. | The Dominion of the
Sword. |
| | The fickle Lover. |
| | A Mock-song. |
| | Good Counsel. |

THE TABLE.

The Blinde Zealot.	The Platonick Lover.
Full forty times over.	Loves Extasie.
The Answer.	The Husband-man and
The Jovialists Corona-	Serving-man.
tion.	A merry Medley.
A Lovers Request.	The Resolute Lover.
The despairing Lover	Upon the Draining of
to his Mistress,	the Fens.
Gather your Rose-buds	A Song in praise of
The Muses courting	Canary.
Sack.	The protecting Brewer.
The Constant Lover.	Cromwel's Coronation.
The Loyal Prisoner.	A Medley of the Nati-
The Maidens Com-	ons.
plaint.	The Royalists Answer
Canary's Coronation.	to <i>Nay prithee don't flie</i>
The Lovers Complaint.	<i>me.</i>
Platonick Love.	A Dialogue betwixt
Upon passionate Love.	<i>Tom and Dick.</i>
The Womans Answer.	<i>Englands Triumph.</i>
A Song upon <i>Putt</i> and	The taking of <i>Mardike.</i>
<i>Tick-tack.</i>	The Re-resurrection of
<i>Londons</i> Gratulation to	the Rump.
General <i>Monck</i>	The Bulls Feather.
All hail to the days, &c.	The merry Good-fel-
I dote, I dote.	low.
A Pastoral Song.	The Levellers Rant.
A'Caveat for Maidens.	

THE



THE LOYAL GARLAND.

Upon defacing of *White-hall*:

What Booker doth prognosticate
Concerning Kings or Kingdoms State,
I think my self to be as wise,
As some that gazeth on the skyes:
My skill goes beyond, the depth of a Pond,
Or Rivers in the greatest rain,
Whereby I can tell, all things will be well,
When the King enjoys his own again.

2. There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dade,
Can soar more high, or deeper made;
Nor geth a reason from the stars,
What causeth Peace or Civil Wars:
The man in the Moon, may wear out his shoon
By runing after Charles his Chain,
But all's to no end, for the times will not mend
Till the King, &c.

3. Full forty years this Royal Crown
Hath been his fathers and his own:
And is there any one but we,
That in the same should Charers be?

The Loyal Garland.

I, who better may, the Scepter swap,
Thaue that hath such right to reign ?

Then let's hope for a peace, for the Wars will
Till the King enjoys, &c. (not cease

4. Though for a time we see White-hall
With Cobweb-hangings on the wall,
In stead of gold and silver brabe,
Which formerly 'twas wont to haue,
With rich perfume in euerp room,
Delightful to that Princelp Train,
Which again shall be, when the time you see,
That the King enjoys, &c.

5. Did Walker no predictions lack
In Hammonds bloody Almanack ?
Fozetelling things that would ensue,
That all proves right, if lies be true:
But why should not he, the pillozp fozesee,
Wherein pozt Toby once was ta ne ?
And also foreknow, to'ch Gallows he must go,
When the King enjoys, &c.

6. Then abaunt upon the hill,
My hope shall cast his Anchor still,
Untill I see some peateful * Dove, * Gen. *Alphonck*
Bring home the Branch I dearly love :
Then will I wait till the waters abate,
Which most disturbs my troubled brain,
Else never rejoyce till I hear the voice,
That the King enjoys his own again.

The

The Loyal Garland.

The Loyal Soldier.

When in the field of Mars we lye,
Amongst those partial wights,
Who never daunted are to dye
for King and Countrey's Rights,
As on Belona's God I wait, & her attendant be,
Yet being absent from my mate, I lye in mi-
a. When lofty winds aloud do blow, (Serp
It snoweth, hail, or rain,
And Charon in his boat doth row,
Yet stedfast I'll remain,
And for my shelter in some barn creep,
Or under some Hedge lye,
The Round-heads which strong Castles keep,
Knows no such misery.

3. When down in straws we tumbling lye,
With Morpheus charms asleep,
My heave, sad and mournful eye,
In security so deep,
Then do I dream within my arms
With thee I sporting lye,
Then do I dread, or fear no harms,
Nor feel no misery.

4. When all my joys are thus compleat,
The Cannons loud do play,
The Drums alarum strait do beat,
Trumpet sounds, Hoyle, away,
Awake I then, and nought can finde

The Loyal Garland.

Bue death attending me,
And all my joys are banisht quite,
This is my misery.

5 When hunger oftentimes I feel,
And water cold do drinke,
Yet from my Colours I le not steal,
Nor from my KING will shrink:
No Traitor hale shall make me yield,
But for the Cause I le be:
This is my love, pray Heaven to shield,
And fare wel misery.

6. Then to our Arms we straight do flie,
And forthwith march away,
Few Towns or Cities we come nigh,
God liquoꝝ us deap:
In Letho deap, our woes we sleep,
Our Loves forgotten be,
Amongst the Iobialists we sing,
Hang up all misery.

7. Propitious Fate then be more kinde,
O grim death lend me thy Dart;
O Sun and Moon, and eke the Wind,
Great Iove take thou our part,
That of these Round-heads and these wars,
An end that we may see,
And thy great Name we'l all applaud,
And hang all misery.

The Loyal Garland.

The Holly-Bush.

Clear the eyes of the Watch,
Lazp sleep we dispatch,
from hence as far as Depibford,
for your Flock-beds and your Feather
We'l expose to the weather,

And hang all the sheets on the Bed-cord.

Then sleep, sleep, and enjoy your beds,

You quiet drowsie heads,

May the Furies of the night,

Scarlet Fleas you affright,

And pinch you black and yellow,

But the plump brawny Lowse

Scorns the shelter of the house,

Oh! he's the Soldiers fellow.

2. Some the Night-mare hath prest

With a weight on their breast,

The returns of their breath cannot pass;

But with us the Tale is addle,

We can take off the saddle,

And turn out the Night-mare to grass,

Then sleep, &c.

3. Now no more will we hark

To the charms of the Lark,

For the tunes of the early Chorus.

All the birds shall retire,

And submit to the Quire

Of we hopes in the Holy-bush.

Then sleep, &c.

4. When

The Loyal Garland.

4. When the Countrey Wals
With her Dappn doth pass,
Our jogs no tongue can utter:
For we Centinel stand,
And exact by command,
The excize of her lips and butter.
Then sleep, &c.

The Independent Red-coat.

Come drawer, come fill us about more wine
Let us merrily tipples, the day is our own
We'l have our delighes, let the countrey go pine
Let the King and the Kingdoms groan:
For the day is our own, and so shall continue,
Whilst Monarchy we baffle quite,
We'l spend all the Kingdoms Revenue,
and sacrifice all to delight:

'Tis power that brings us all to be Kings,
and we'l be all crown'd by our might.

2. A fig for Divinity, Lecture, and Law,
and all that to Royalty do pretend,
We wil by our sword keep the kingdoms in awe
and our power shall never have end:

The Church & the State we'l turn into liquoz,
and spend a whole town in a day,

We'l melt all their bodding the quicker
into Sack, and so drink them away,

We'l spend the demtians o' ch bishops & deans,
and o'er the Presbyter swap.

3. The

The Loyal Garland.

3. The nimble St. Patrick is sunk in a bog,
& his countrey-men sadly cry, oh hone, oh hone
St. Andrew and's Kirk-men are lost in a fog,
and we are the Saints alone:
Thus on our superiours and equals we trample
whilst Jockey the stirrop shall hold,
The Crys our Mule for example,
while we thus in plenty are roll'd,
Each delicate dish shall but answer our wish,
and our drink shall be cordial Gold.

On the London-Pamphleteers.

My quill shall not judg, nor so much as grudge
at the gains of a great Commander,
He onely hath to do with an impudent crew,
made up of money and slander: (poet,
Old Nick rules the coast of the rotten London
which in time hee'l overturn all,
The same spirit guides, and craftily confides,
with the Diary and Diurnal.

Lo now, where do you think

Boyes, lies all the Chink?

Oh the Devil hugs many a Darling.

Here's a List of the Curs, and many Revolters,
That hath buried ten thousand sterling.

2. Politicus was riled, and sower rob'd than
for truth, though he tells but little: Riled
Civics eats beef, before whole self,
was writ down fasting spirit.

Brittan-

The Loyal Garland.

**Britannicus doth looke for a Pass-book,
which standeth against all reason.
Each line doth it rot, and stain with a blot
of high and abominable Treason.**

Lo now, &c.

**3. The Parliament-Scout, ill luck find him out,
with his brethren birds together, (shies,
Who hath vented more lies, than stars in the
or drops in a years wet weather.**

**The famous Oxford-Spy, was but one entire lie
and the Whamphleters in the Star-nest,
Is gone before to hell, the Metes for to tell,
and the Devil detains him for earnest.**

Lo now, &c.

**4 Here's two ballad-men, have got well by their
who can both write and well sing, (pen,
One as round as a hoop, 's made Captain of a
Troop,**

**t'other gapes for a place under Elsyng.
Here's a curld pated lout, who cries books about
is grown such a grand deceiver,
That by the very sale of the Spectacle Tale,
he hath purchased a new fashion Weber.**

Lo now, &c.

**5. Here's an old rotten quean, whose smock's
very mean,
which us'd to cry Mary-bones,
Is marr'd to the led for the money that he had
and now keeps a Pyles of their own.**

Lo now, &c.

The

The Loyal Garland.

The Soldiers delight.

Fair Phydellia, tempt no more,
I may not now thy beauty so adore;
Nor offer to thy shrine,
Herself one more divine,
and greater far than thou:
Hark, the Trumpet calls away,
We must go, lest the foe
get the field, and win the day,
Then march bravely on,
charge them in the Van,
Our Cause Gods is, though the odds is,
ten times ten to one.

2. Tempt no more I may not plead,
although thine eyes a kingdom may surprize
Leade off thy wanton tales,
The High-born Prince of Wales
is mounted in the field,
Where the the Loyal Centur flock,
though forlorn, nobly born,
Of a ne're decaying stock:
Cavaliers be bold, ne're let go your hold,
Those that loiters; are by traitors
marily bought and sold.

3. Phyl. One kiss more, and so farewell:
Sold. Fie, no more, I will be faine to see,
Whyp cloud 't thou thus thy beams:
I live by these extremes,

The Loyal Garland.

a woman's Heaven or hell :

Pray the King may have his own,
that the Queen may be seen,
With her Babes on England's Throne,
Rally up your men, one shall vanquish ten,
Widoꝝ, we come to try our valoz once agen.

The Time-server : Or, a Medley.

Rom for a Cameller y plays at al he lase
whose fickle fancy fits such times as these
One that says Amen to ev'ry factious paper
from Hugh Peters pulpit to St. Peters Chair
One that doth defie the crozier and the Crown
but yet can bonze with blades that carrouge
whilst Pottle pots tumble down, dery down
One that can comply with Surplice and with
yet for his end can Independ (Clock
whilst Presbyterian broke Britains poke.

2. This is the way to trample without trem
'tis the Sprophant's onely secure, (bling
Covenants and oaths are badges of dissembling
'tis the politick pul's down the pure :
To profess and betray, to plunder and pray,
Is the nely ready way to be great,
flatterp doth the feat :

We're go, ne're stir, will venture further
Than the greatest Dons in the town,
from a Copper to a Crown.

3. I am in a temperate humoz now to think we

The Loyal Garland.

Now I'm in another humoꝝ foꝝ to drinke well,
Then fill us up a Feer-bowle hopy, that we
May drinke it merrily,

No knavish Spy shall understand,

foꝝ if it should be known,

Listen to one we shal be trappan'd.

4. He drinke to thee a brace of quarts,

Whose Anagram is call'd True Hearts,

If all were well as I would ha't,

and Brittain cur'd of its tumoꝝ,

I should verp well like my fate,

And drinke my Sack at a cheaper rate,

without any noise oꝝ tumoꝝ.

Oh then I should fix my humoꝝ.

5. But since 'tis no such matter, change your

I may cog and flatter, so may you: (True

Religion is a boldgeon, and reason is treason,

and he that hath a loyal heart may bid the

world adieu.

6. We must be like the Scottish man,

who with intent to beat down Schism,

Brought in the Presbyterian,

with Cannon and with Catechism:

If Bruke won't do't, then Jockey shew,

foꝝ the Kirk of Scotland doth command,

And what hath bin, since they came in,

I think we have cause to understand.

The Loyal Garland.

The Royalist and Round-head.

Stay, But the Gate,
T'other quart, faith 'tis not so late
as pour thinking,

The stars which you see in the Hemisphere
Are but studs in your cheeks by good drinking
The suns gone to ripple all night in the sea
To morrow he'll blush that he's paler than we
Drink wine, give him water, (hope
'tis back makes us the boys.

2. Fill up the Glass,

To the next merryp Lad let it pass,
come away wit:

Let's set foot to foot, & but give our minds to
'Tis heretical Sir, that doth say wit,
then hang up good faces, lets drink till our will
Gives freedom to speak, in our fount of spirits
Beneath whose protection now under the rose

3. Drink off your Bowl.

'Twill enrich both your head and your soul
with Canary:

For a Carbuncle'd face saves a tedious race,
And the Indies about us we carry:

No Helicon like to the juice of good wine is,
For Phebus had never had wit that divine is
Had his face not been bow'd up as mine is.

4. This must go round,

The Loyal Garland.

Off with your hats til y^e pavement be crown'd
with your Beavers,

A red coated face frights a Sergeant and his
whilst the constables trembles to shivers (mace
In state march our faces like some of y^e quorum
While the whores do fall down, and the vulgar
(adoze um foze u m.

And our noses like Link boys run shining be-

The answer.

Hold, quaff no more,
But restore,

If you can, what you've lost by your drinking,

Three Kingdoms and Crowns,

with their Cities and Towns,

While the King and his Progeny's sinking:

The studs in your cheeks have obscured his
Star, boys, (boys,

Your drink and mistarrriages in the late war
Hath brought his Prerogative thus to the
Bar boys,

2. Through down the Glass,

He's an als

That extracts all his worth from Canary:

Charbalour will shrink,

which is onely good in drink,

'Twas the Cup made the Camp to miscarry:

He thought in the world there was no power
could tame ye,

The Loyal Garland.

He tripled and who'd till the foe overcame
Cuds-nigs and Me're, fir Sir, hath vanquish
God-dam-me.

3. Flie from the coast,

Dry are lost,

And the water will run where the Drink went,
From thence you must sink,

If you swear, and have no chink,

'tis the Curse of a Royal Delinquent. (well,

He lobe to see Beer, botles turn'd over & thumb

He lobe three fair Gamesters, four Dice, and

a Drum well,

(Cromwel,

But you'd as liebe see the Devil as Oliver

4. Drink not the round,

You'll be drown'd

In the source of your Sack and your Sonnets,

Try once more your fate,

For the Kirk against the State,

and go harter your Webers for Bonnets:

I see how you're charm'd by your female in-

chanters,

(ters

And therefore pack hence to Virginia for plan-

For an Act and two Red-coats will rout all the

Ranters.

The Lord Gerards Mistress.

BE gone thou fatal Fever,
From me now be gone,

Let Love alone,

Let his Acherial flames possess my brest:

Th

The Loyal Garland.

The help of my consuming heat,

No aid requirers,

But swift desires,

Transfers my passion to a throne of rest ;

Where I, who never in the pride of health

could finde such warmth to move,

By sickness tam'd, and so inflam'd,

I feel no joys like Love :

But he, who trilled many a tedious hour away

my Love to try,

In little space hath gain'd the grace,

to have more power than I.

2. Depart thou fatal Fever,

From me now depart,

Think not my heart

To thy dull flames shall be a sacrifice ;

A Maid, by dead Cupid, now is on thy Altar laid

by thee betrayd,

A rich oblation to restore thine eyes :

But yet my forc't acknowledgme't can testifie

thou hast no craft,

To bend thy bow against a foe

that aims to catch thy shaft :

Nor do I fear thine arrows, though they all

at once 'gainst me do flie,

She that receives ten thousand shewes,

can love no more than I.

3. No more, Physicians

Try your skills no more,

The Loyal Garland

Pray give me oze,
I have a cure in physick seldom read ;
Though you are skilful Doctors,
All the world doth know
In learning slow,
You may as well go practise on the dead,
But if my Gerard please to grace me
With the glory of his looks,
I make no doubt to live without
Physicians and their books.
Tis he who with his balming kisses
can restore my dying breath,
What bliss is this, to gain a kiss,
to save a maid from death !

4. To you that tell us,
Of another world I bow,
And do allow
Your sacred precepts, if you'l grant me this,
That he whom I adore next to the Deity,
may go with me,
Without whose presence there can be no bliss;
To teach your Tenets of Eternity,
to those that aged be,
Pray nere perswade a Love-sick Maid,
there's any heaven but he :
But stay, methinks a nicy slumber
hath possess'd my wearied brain,
Pray bid him die, if you think I
shall never wake again.

The Loyal Garland.

The Scornful Lover.

L Ove thee, good faith not I,
I have som thing else to do,
Alas, you must go learn to talk,
before you learn to love,
Nay he, stand off, go to, go to.

2. Because you are in the fashion,
and newly come to Court,
You think your Cloaths are Orators
to invite us to the sport,
Aha, we do but jee you for't.

3. For look so sweetly pouth,
not fiddle with your Band,
We know you trim your borrowed locks
to shew your pretty hand,
You are too young for to command.

4. O! why so confident,
because that lately ye,
Have brought another complement
unto our Pedigree,
Thy inside seems the worse to me.

5. Oe where Sir Sworham goes,
I marry, theres your wit,
He cares not what he says or does,
So Ladies laugh at it,
Who can deny such Lads a bit?

The Loyal Garland.

Upon an Act for Treason.

But since it was lately enacted High Treason
For a man to speak truth 'gainst the head
of a State.

Let every wise man make use of his reason,
to think what he will, but take heed what he
For the Proverb doth learn us, (part
he that flays from the battel sleeps in a whole
skin, (within

And our words are our own, if wee keep them
What fools are we then that to p2attle do be-
of things that do not concern us? (gin

2. 'Tis no matter to me where gets the battel
the Cubs or the Cresses, 'tis all one to me,
It neither increaseth my goods nor my catel,
A beggar's a beggar, and so he shall be;
Unless he turn Traitor, (sure,
Let misers take courses to hoard up their trea-
whose bounds have no limits, whose minds
have no measure,

Let me be but quiet, and take a little pleasure,
a little contents my own nature.

3. But what if the Kingdom returns to one of
the Prime ones?

My mind is a Kingdom, and so it shall be,
i'll make it appear, if I had but the time once
He's as happy in one, as they are in three,
if he might but enjoy it.

The Loyal Garland.

He that's mounted aloft, is a mark for the fate,
and an enby to every pragmatikal pate,
Whilst he that is low is safe in his estate,
and the great ones do scoorn to annoy him.

4. I count him no wit that is gifted in rapling
and flurting at those that above him do sit,
Whilst they do out-wit him with whipping
and goaling.

His wife and his person must pay for his wit;
but 'tis better to be drinking,

If sack were reformed to twelve pence a quart
I'd study for money to merchandize for't,
With a friend that is willing in mirth we
would sport,

Not a word; but we'd pay it with thinking.

5. My petition shall be that Canary be cheaper
without either Custom, or cursed Excise,

That the Wits may have freedom to drink
deeper and deeper,

And not be undone whilst our Roses we hap-
But we'll liquor them, and drench them,

(fire
if this were but granted, who would not be-
To dub himself one of Apollo's own Quire?

(are on fire
and then we will drink whilst our Roses

And the quart-pots shall be Buckets to quench
them.

The Loyal Garland.

A Song upon a Recanting Lover.

Sure 'twas a dream, how long, fond man,
Shen fool'd into captivity? (have I

my Newgate was my want of wit,
I did my self commit, my bonds I knit,
I my own Jailor was, mine onely foe,
Which did my freedom disallow,
I was a Prisoner, cause I would be so.

2. 'Twas a fine life I liv'd, when I did dye
my self to court your perverseness,
When I did at your footstool lye,
expecting from your eye, to live or die,
Now frowns or smiles, I care not which I have
for rather than I'll be your slave,
I'll court the Gods to send me to my grave.

3. Farewel those charms y^e did so long bewitch,
farewel that wanton poutful itch,
Farewel that treacherous blinking hop,
which proffer'd seeming joy for to destroy;
Farewel those nights of pleasure, and to you,
which were well known were not a few,
For ever, ever, evermore adieu.

4. Now I can stand the Sallops of your eyes
in vain are all your Batteries,
Nor can that low dissembling Sple,
nor that bewitched smile longer beguile,
Nor those heart-traps which you each hour re-
to all those witch-crafts, and to you, (new,
For

The Loyal Garland.

For ever, evermore I bid adieu.

5. Now will I shake off those chains, & prove
opinion built the Coal of Love,
Made all his bonds, gave him his bow,
his broken arrows too which murder so,
Nay all those Fancies, which as Lovers dream
were all compos'd to make a Theam,
For some carousing Poets drunken flame.

Of Titulary Honor.

NAY præthee don't flue me,
But sit thee down by me,
For I cannot endure the man that's demure,
a por on your Wozships and Sirs:
For your Congees and tricks,
with your Legs and your Lips,
Your Madams and Lords,
and such finical words,
And the Complement you bring,
That doth spell nothing,
you may keep for the Chains and the Furs,
For at the beginning was neither Peasant
nor Prince,

And who the Devil made the distinction since?

2. Those Titles of Honors,
do remain in the Donors,
And not in that thing,
to which they do cling,

If his Soul be too narrow that wears them,

The Loyal Garland.

no delight can I see
In the thing call'd degree;
Honest Dick sounds as well
As a name with an L,
that with Titles do swell,
And hums like a Bell,
to affright mortal ears that do hear 'um:
He that wears a brave soul, & dares honestly do
is a Herald to himself, and a Godfather too.

3. Why should we then dote on,
one with a Fools coat on,
Whole Coffers are tramm'd,
but yet he'l be damn'd
Ere he'l do a good act, or a wise one?
What reason hath he
To be ruler o'ze me,
who is Lord o'ze his Chest,
But his head and his breast
are but empty and bare,
And pufft up with air,
and can neither assist, nor advise one:
Honor's but air, and proud flesh but dust is,
'tis the Commons make the Lords, as the
Clerk makes the Justice.

4. But since we must be
of a different degree,
'Cause most do aspire,
to be greater and higher
Than the rest of their fellows and brothers,

The Loyal Garland.

he that hath such a spir it,
let him gain't by his merit,
spend his wit, wealth, and blood,
for his Countrey's good,
and make himself fit,

By his valor and wit,

for things aboue the reach of all others:
Honor's a prize, and who wins it may wear it
if not, 'tis a badge and a burthen to bear it.

5. For my part let me be
but quiet and free,

I'll drink Sack and obey,

let the great ones sway,

That spend their whole time in thinking;

I'll not busie my pate,

With the matters of State,

the News-books I'll burn all,

And with the Diurnal

light Tobacco, and admit,

They are so far fit,

for to seeke good company, and drinking:

All the name I desire is an honest good fellow,

And that man has no worth, that went
sometimes be mellow.

The new Droll.

Come lets drink, the time invites,
winter and cold weather,
for to spend away long nights,

and

The Loyal Garland.

and to keep good wits together,
Better far than Cards and Dice,
Ic's Balls are quaint device,
Made up with Fan and Feather.

2. Of strange actions on the Seas,
why should we be jealous?
Bring us liquor that will please,
and will make us braver fellows
Than the bold Venetian Fleet,
when the Turks and they do meet
Within their Dardanello's.

3. Valencian that famous Town,
frod the French-mans wonder,
Water they imploied to drown,
so to cut their Troops in sunder,
Turcin gave a helpless look,
while the lofty Spaniard took
La Fere, and his plunder.

4. As for water we disclaim,
mankind's aduersary,
Once it caus'd the worlds whole frame
in the Deluge to miscarry;
And that enemy of Jop,
which sought our freedom to destroy,
And murder good Can ary

5. We that drink have no such thoughts,
black and void of Reason,
We take care to fill our Vaults

with

The Loyal Garland.

with good wine of every season ;
And with many a Chirping Cup,
We blow one another up,
and that's our onely treason.

6. Hear the Squibs, and mind the Bells
the fifth of November,
The Parson a sad Story tells,
and with horror doth remember,
How some hot-brain'd Traitor wrought
Plots that would have ruine brought
to King, and every Member.

On the New-found Wells.

WE will go no more to Tunbridge Wells,
the Journey is so far,
Nor ride in Epsom waggons, where
our bodies tumbled are :
But we'll to Westwood waters go,
the best that e're you saw,
And from henceforth we'll have it call'd,
The New-found English Spaw,
Then go Lords and Ladies what ere you ail,
go thither all that pleases ;
For it will cure you without fail,
of old and new Diseases.

2. Thither the country people thrust
by day, and eke by night,
And so to fill their Bottles first,
they scramble, scratch, and fight ;

But

The Loyal Garland.

But when the Centry thither come,
and people of good fashion,

There is presented to their view,
a fair accomodation.

Then go Lords, &c.

3. Joans was the first hole was found out,
my Ladies hole next after,

Yet when you taste, you are in doubt
which is the better water :

But so it is, my Ladies hole,
doth stand so near to Joan,

That if the people be too rude,
they may break both holes into one.

Then go Lords, &c.

4. It purgeth your Ladies bodie clean,
by stool and urine too,

'Twill make you have a stomach to't
whither you will or no :

Then you may step among the furs,
a sitting place to finde,

'Twill make you ope, and shut your purse,
before and eke behind.

The silly Shepherd.

A Silly shepheard wou'd, but will not
how he might his Mistresse favor gain,
On a time they met, but kiss not,
ever after that he sued in vain :

Blame her not, alas, though she said nay

The Loyal Garland.

to him that might, but fled away.

2. Time perpetually is changing,
every moment alteration brings,
Love and beauty still estranging,
women are alas but wanton things,
He that will his Mistress favor gain,
must take her in a merry vain.
3. A womans fancy's like a Fever,
or an Ague that doth come by fits,
Hot and cold, but constant never,
even as the pleasant humor hits:
Sick, and well again, and well and sick,
in love it is a womans trick.
4. Now she will and then she will not,
put her to the tryal, if once she smile:
Silly pouth, thy fortunes spill not,
lingring labors oft themselves beguile,
He that knocks, and can't get in,
his Pick-lock is not worth a pin.
5. A womans Nay is no denial,
silly pouths of Love are served so,
Put her to a further tryal,
Happily she'll take it, and say no;
For it is a trick which women use,
what they love, they will refuse.
6. Silly pouth why dost thou dally?
having got time and season fit,
Then never stand, sweet, shall I? shall I?

The Loyal Garland.

no: too much commend an after: wilt;
For he that will not when he may,
when he will, he shall have nay.

On the Goldsmiths Committee.

Come Drawer, some wine,
or we'l pul down the Sign,
For we are all Jovial Compounders:
We'l make the house ring
With Healths to our KING,
and confusion light on his Confounders.

2. Since Goldsmiths-Committee
Affords us no pity,
out sorrows in wine we wil keep 'um;
They force us to take
Two Darts, but we'l make
a third that we ne're mean to keep 'um.

3. And next who e're sees
We'l drink on our knees
to the king, may he thirst that repines;
A fig for those Traitors
That look to our waters,
they have nothing to do with our wines.

4. And next here's a Cup
To the Queen, fill it up,
were it popson we would make an end on't:
May Charles and she meet,
And tread under feet,
both Presbyter and Independent.

The Loyal Garland.

5. To the Prince, and all others,
his Sisters and Brothers,
as low in condition, as high born,
We'll drink this, and pray,
That shortly they may
see all them that wrongs them at Tyborn

6. And next here's three Bowls,
To all gallant Souls,
that for the King did, and will venture,
May they flourish when those
That are his and our foes,
are hang'd and ram'd down to the Center.

7. And next let a Glass
To our Undoers pass,
attended with two or three curses,
May plagues sent from hell,
Stuff their bodie as well,
as the Cavaliers copn doth their purses.

8. May the Cannibals of Pym,
Car them up limb by limb,
or a hot Feather scorch 'um to embers,
May keep 'um in bed,
Until they are dead,
and repent for the loss of their Members.

9. And may they be found
In all to abound,
both with Heaven and the countreys anger,
May they never want Fractions,

Doubts

The Loyal Garland.
Doubts, Fears, and Distractions,
till the Gallow-tree choaks them from dan

In praise of Brewers.

There's many a clinking verse was made
in honour of the Blacksmiths trade,
But more of the Brewers may be said,
which no body can deny.

2. I need nought else but this repeat,
The Blacksmith cannot be compleat,
Unless the Brewer do give him a heat,
which no body can deny.

3. When Smug unto his Forge doth come,
Unless the Brewer do liquor him home,
Could nere strike his pot and thy pot Tom,
which no body, &c.

4. Of all Professions in the town,
This Brewers trade did gain renown,
His liquor once reacht up to the Crown,
which no body, &c.

5. Much Royal blood from him did spring,
Of all the trades this was the king.
The Brewer had got the world in a sling,
which no body, &c.

6. Though Honour be a Princes daughter,
The Brewer will wooe her in blood and slaugh-
ter,
And win her, or else it shall cost him hot water,
which no body, &c.

7. The

The Loyal Garland.

7. He fear'd no power, nor martial stops,
But whipt Armies as round as tops,
And cut off his foes as thick as hops,
which no body, &c.
8. He dib'd for riches down to the bottom,
And cri'd, my Masters, when he had got 'um,
Let every Tub stand on his own bottom,
which no body, &c.
9. In warlike Arts he scorn'd to stoop,
For when his party began to droop,
He'd bring them all up as round as a hoop.
which no body, &c.
10. The Jewish Scots who fear to eat
The flesh of Swine, our Brewers beat,
Twas the sight of their Hogheads made them
to retreat,
which no body, &c.
11. Pm? Jockey and his Basket-Hilt
Was beaten, and much Blood was spilt,
When their bodies like barrels did run a tilt,
which no body, &c.
12. Though Jemmy did give the first assault,
The Brewer he made them at length to hault,
And gave them what the cat left in the maul,
which no body, &c.
13. They did not oulsp hang the Kirk,
But in Ireland too they did as much work,

The Loyal Garland.

'Twas the Brewer made them surrender Cork,
which no body, &c.

14. This was a stout Brewer, of whom we may
brag,

But since he was hurried away with a Bag,
We have brew'd in a bottle and bak'd in a bag
which no body, &c.

15. They say that Antichrist came to settle
Religion within a Cooler and Kettle,
His Nose & his Copper were both of a mettle,
which no body, &c.

16. He had a strong and a very stout heart,
And lookt to be made an Emperoz for't,
But the Devil did set a spoake in his Cart,
which no body, &c.

17. The Christian Kings began to quake,
And said, with that Brewer no Quartels we'll
make,

We'll let him alone, as he brews let him bake,
which no body, &c.

18. But yet by the way you must needs under-
stand,

He kept all his passions so under command,
Pride never could get the upper hand,
which no body, &c.

19. And now may all stout souldiers say,
Farewel the glory of the Day,

The Loyal Garland.

for the Brewer himself is turn'd to clay,
which no body, &c.

20. Thus fell a brave Bre wer the bold Son of
slaughter,

Who need not to fear much what should follow
a'ter,

That dealt all his life time in fire and water,
which no body, &c.

21. And if his Successor had but had his might
We all had not been in that pitiful plight,

But alas he was found many grains too light,
which no body, &c.

22. Though wine be a Juice, sweet, pleasant,
and pure, (cure

This trade doth such pleasure and profit pro-
That every Wintner in town is turn'd Brewer
which no body, &c.

23. But now let's leave singing and drink of
our Tub,

Let's call for a reckoning, and every man club
for I think I have told you a tale of a Tub,
which no body can deny.

The Contest.

Beauty and Love once fell at odds,

and thus rebell'd each other :

Quoth Love I am one of the Gods,

and thou wait'st on my Mother :

The Loyal Garland.

Thou hadst no power on man at all,
but what I gave to thee ;

Now are you longer sweet or fair,
than men acknowledge me.

2. Away fond Boy, then Beauty cry'd,
we know that thou art blind ;

And men of nobler parts they can,
our graces better finde :

Twas I begot the mortal Snow,
and kindled mens desires,

I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
and wings to fan thy fires.

3. Cupid in anger flung away,
and thus to Vulcan pray'd,

That he would rip his shafts with scorn,
to punish his proud Maid ;

So ever since Beauty has bin
but courted for an hour,

To love a day is held a sin,
gainst Cupid and his Power.

The Fond Amorist.

Tell me no more how fair she is,
for I have no mind to hear

A story of such distant bliss,

I never shall come near :

By sad experience I have found,

That her perfections cause my wound.

The Loyal Garland.

1. Noz tell me not how fond I am,
foz to tempt my daring fate,
Which ne ver time could triumph in,
but repent too late:
There are some hopes e're long I map,
In silence dose my self away.

2. I ask no pity Love, of thee,
noz will thy justice blame,
So that thou wilt not envy me,
noz gloze in thy flame,
Which crowns my heart when e're it dyes,
in that it falls thy Sacrifice.

On Women.

Fear not, my Genius, to unfold
thy silent thoughts of these;
Women are bozn to be controld,
receive them as you please:
These long usurped Monarchy,
Hath made me hate such tyranny.

2. Let them and their magnetick charms,
as Harbingets before 'um,
Possess themselves of Cupids arms,
as baits for to adore 'um:
He ne're commit Idolatry,
With Subjects bozn, as well as I.

3. Their Dleep with them must fade,
this cannot be deny'd;

The Loyal Garland.

Yet since the pretty things were made
out of old Adams side :

We'l love them still, but know as thus,

We do't because they're part of us,

And let it then suffice the Elves,

To say we love them as our selves.

The Satiated Lover.

You are not Cynthia better pleas'd than I,
that you have led the way,

Through this dark night of blind inconstancy
and first by break of day :

To freedom now we'l sacrifice breaths past,
'twas my dull fate to cry Good-morrow last.

2. Perhaps so soon I could not disengage,
having a greater score,

Some birds will longer hover 'bout the Cage,
though 'twas their Goal before :

But 'twas not long I meant to sit about
Your ashes, when the fire was quite burnt out

3. But now my Taylor has my bonds untied,
I'll hold my hands no more

Up at Loves War, he is condemn'd and try'd,
that has been burnt before :

But that heart sickness which you gave, protects
'Sis seldom that the same plague twice invades

4. Breasts that have felt Love's cruel slavery
are better fortified

The Loyall Garland.

By this experience, than they e're could be
by reason or by pride : flame,
Then blush not that you quench your amorous
But blush with me, if e're you love again.

A Love-Riddle.

Down in a Garden late my dearest Love,
Her skin more soft and white, than daintie
Snow,

More tender-breasted than the harmlesse Dove,
and far more kinde than blinding Belitan,
I courted her, she rose, and blushing said,
Why was I born to live and dye, a Maid?

2. For her I pluckt a pretty Marry-gold,
whose leaves were shut in with the evening
I spoke to her, Rise up Love, and behold (Sun
what pretty Riddles this to thee hath shewn:
These Leaves shut in, are chaste like Cloister

Mun,
But then will open, when they see the Sun.

3. What mean you by this Riddle sir, she said;
I pray expound it : then I thus began,
Know Maids were made for Men, Man for a
Maid,

With that we changed colour and lookt wan,
since you this Riddle sir, so well have told,
Be you my Sun, I'll be your Marry-gold.

The Loyal Garland.

The loving Contest.

When Phebus had dyest his course to the
and took up his rest below: (well

And Cynthia agreed in her glittering weed,
her like in his stead to bestow:

I walked alone, attended by none,
till suddenly one did cry,

Oh do not, do not kill me yet,
For I am not prepared to die.

2. With that I drew near, to see and to hear,
and there did appear such a show,

The Moon was so light, I saw such a sight,
it fits not each wight for to know,

A man and a maid, together was laid,
and ever she cry'd, Map he,

Oh do not, &c.

3. This pouch was so rust, that he took up her
although she did cry, yet still did she lie (still

And put him by with a no;

for he was so strong, and she was so young,
She rested not long for to cry,

Oh do not, &c.

4. Thus striving in vain, well pleas'd with her
she vow'd to remain his for, (pain

And kept such a quail, when he gave her the toll
the greater the Wropl did grow;

For he was prepar'd, and did not regard

her

The Loyal Garland.

her words, when he heard her cry,
Oh do not, &c.

5. At last he gave o're, and suddenly swore,
he would kill her no more that night,
But had her adieu, for he very well knew
he would tempt him to new delight :
But when he wou'd part, it went to her heart,
which taught her more art to cry,
Oh kill me, kill me once again,
For now I'm prepared to die.

In praise of his Mistress.

I f Narcissus foolish boy,
did on a shadow fix his joy,
Or consume himself in seeing,
that which had no life, nor being :
If fair Leda loath'd a man,
and yet doted on a Swan,
How blest am I that loves a Fair,
in whom the choice of all perfections are !

2. No cloud inhabits where she dwells,
But all the Air perfumed smells,
Where her touches she dispoles,
Lillies grow like fragrant Roses,
And through every of her veins,
the violet shoots up and resigns,
which doth perishe and decay,
if she but once doth turn her beams away.

2. The

The Loyal Garland

3. The pure heat of that chaste fire,
Which shines through all her parts intire,
and doth cheere me with delight
Those heavenly objects fill my sight,
dearest yet forget to kill,
That I may live to serve you still,
that I may kiss that blessed hand,
And so a Lovers statue always stand.

4. That I may have the happiness
to hug that tree, and not transgress;
To pluck those flowers, whose vertues are
to make me rich, the onely rare,
O those kindlers of desire,
which do set the world on fire,
And so affright those powers above,
by consuming, all consuming Love.

A Love Song.

Lie still, my dear, why dost thou rise,
The light that shines comes from thine
The day breaks not, it is my heart, (eyes,
to think that thee, and I must part.
Oh stay, oh stay, oh stay,
Or else our joys will die,
Or perish in their infancy.

2. 'Tis true, 'tis day, what if it be,
wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Did we lie down because of night,

and

The Loyal Garland

and shall we rise for fear of night ?

Oh no : since in darkness we came hither,
With leave of light we'll lie together.

3. Love, let me lie in thy sweet breast,
more sweeter than the Phoenix nest,
Love caus'd desire by thy sweet charms,
oh let me lie within Loves arms :
Oh let, oh let, thy blissful kisses cherish,
Or else my instant joys will perish.

A Pastoral Song : With the Answer.

CLoris since thou art fled away,
Amyntas sheep are gone astray,
And all the joys he took to see
his pretty Lambs run after thee,
They're gone, they're gone ; and he alway,
sings nothing now , but well-a-day, well-a-
day.

2. Th' emboider'd Scrip he us'd to wear,
neglected lies, so doth his hair,
his crook is broke, Dog howling lies,
while he laments with woful eyes,
Oh Cloris, Cloris, I decay,
and forc'd am to cry, well-a-day, well-a-day.

3. His Dattn Pipe whereon he plays
so oft to his sweet Roundelaps,
Is flung away, and not a Swain
dares pipe or sing upon his plain,

'Tis

The Loyal Garland.

'Tis death to any that shall say,
one word to him but well-a-day, well-a-day.

4. The way whereon her dastard feet,
in even measure us'd to meet,
Is broken down; and no content
came near Amintas since she went:
For all that e're I heard him say,
was Cloris, Cloris, well-a-day, well-a-day.

5. Th' ground whereon she us'd to tread,
he ever since hath laid his head,
Still breathi ng forth such pining woes.
that not one blade of grass there grows:
Oh Cloris, Cloris, come away,
and hear Amintas well-a-day, well-a-day.

The Answer.

CLoris, since thou art gone astray,
Amyntas, shepher'ds fled away,
And all the joys he wont to spee
I'th Babies of thine eye,
Are gone, and she hath nought to say,
But who can help what will away, will away.

2. The Green on which it was her chance
To have her hand first in a dance,
Among the merry Maidens crew,
Now makes her nought but sigh and rue
The time she e're had cause to say,
And who can help what will away, will away.

The Loyal Garland.

3. The Lattin with which she went to deck,
And circle in her whiter Neck:
Her Apron lies behinde the doo,
The strings won't reach now as before,
Which makes her oft cry well-a-day,
But who can help what will away, will away?

4. He often swore that he would leaue me,
E're of my heart he could bereaue me,
But when the Sign was in the T ayl,
He knew poor Maiden-flesh was frail,
And laughs now I have nought to say,
But who can help what will away, will away?

5. But let the blame upon me lye,
I had no heart him to deny:
Had I another Maiden-head,
I'd lose it e're I went to bed;
For what can all the world more say,
Than who can help what wil away, will away

Upon Charing-Cross.

U ndone, undone, you Lawyers are,
that wander about the Town,
And can't finde the way to Westminster;
now Charing-Cross is down:
At the end o'th Strand they make a stand;
swearing they're at a loss,
And cha sing say, that's not the way,
they must go by Charing-Cross.

2. The

The Loyal Garland,

2. The Committees they said, Verily,
to Pop'ry it was bent
For ought I know, it might be so,
to Church it never went:
What with——and other Laws,
the Kingdom doth begin,
To think you'll leave them ne're a Cross
without doors, nor within.
3. For neither man woman nor childe,
can say, I'm confident,
That ere they heard it speak a word,
against the Parliament,
I had Letters about it found some say,
or else it had been freed,
For George I'll take my Oath of it,
't could neither write, nor read.

A Song in derision of his Mistress.

Fine young fellow, though you wear
That rare beauty, I do swear,
yet you ne're came near my heart;
For we Courtiers learn at school,
onely with your sex to fool,
You are not worth a serious part.

2. When I sigh and kiss your hand,
cross mine Arms, and wond'ring stand,
Holding Warley with your eye,
next to dallie with my desires,

Swear

The Loyal Garland.

Swear the Sun ne're shot such fires:
all's but a Handsom Lye.

4. When I see your curled lace,
gentle Soul, you think your face
straighsome murther doth commit,
and your conscience doth begin,
To grow scrup'lous of a sin,
when I court to the win p'wit.

4. Therefore Madam, wear no Cloud;
nor to check my love grow proud;
for in truth, I much do doubt
tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath perfumes the air,
but your Cloaths that set you out.

5. Per for all this truth confess,
and I swear I lov'd in jest:

When I next begin to court,
and protest an amorous flame,
You'll swear I in earnest am;
beldam, this is pretty sport.

The Dominion of the Sword.

Let by your pleading,
Law lies a bleeding,
Your reading
Burn all your studies down, and throw away

2. Small power the word has,
And can afford us,
Not half so much privilege as the sword does.

The Loyal Garland.

3. It fosters pour Masters,
It plaisters Disasters, (masters
It makes y^e servants quickly greater than the
4. It helters, it enters,
It seeks and it centers, (terc
It makes a prentice free in spite of his Inden
5. It talks of small things,
But it sets up all things, (all things
This masters Money, though Money masters
6. It is not reason,
To talk of reason, (it Treason.
Nor call it Loyalty, when the sword will have
7. It conquers the Crown too,
The Grave and the Gown too, (down to
First it sets up a Presbyter, & then it pulls him
8. This subtile Disaster,
Turns Bonnet to Weaver (Weaver,
Down goes a Bishop, Sirs, and up starts
9. This makes a Lay man,
To preach and to pray man, (man.
And makes a Lord of him that was but a Wap
10. Far from the Culpit,
Of Saxbey's Pulpit, (Pulpit.
This brought an Hebrew Iron-monger to th
11. Such pitiful things be,
More happier than Kings be, Slingsbe.
They get the upper-hand of Thimblebe and

The Loyal Garland.

2. No Gospel can guide it,
No Law can direct it. (assist it.)
In Church or State, till the Sword hath san-
13. Down goes your Law-tricks,
far from the Partricks, (St. Partricks.)
Spring up! Help Hewson's power, & pull'd down
14. This Sword it prebails tw,
So high in Wales tw, tw.
Shinkin ap Powel swears Cutg-plutterer nails
15. In Scotland this faster,
Did make such disaster, (sold their Master.)
That they sent their mony back for which they
16. It batter'd their Gunkirk,
And so it did their Dunkirk, (Dunkirk.)
That he is fled, and swears the Devil is in
17. He that can tower,
Or he that is lower,
Would be judg'd a fool to put away his power.
18. Take books and rent 'um,
Who can invent 'um, (mentum?)
When that the Sword replies, Negarur Argu-
19. Your brave Colledge Butlers,
Just stop both e Butlers,
There's ne're a Library like to the Cutlers.
20. The blood that was spilt, Sir.
Hath gain'd all the Gilt, Sir, (Wilt, Sir.)
Thus have you seen me run my Sword up to the
D 2 The

The Loyal Garland.

The fickle Lover.

Why should you sweare I am forsworn,
since thine I vow'd to be:
Lady, it is already morn,
and 'twas last night I swoze to thee
That fond impossibility.

2. Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
a tedious twelve hours space?
I must all other Beauties wrong,
and rob thee of a new embrace;
Should I still dote upon thy face.

3. Not but all joys in thy brown hair,
by others may be found,
But I must search the black and fair,
like skilful Mineralists, that sound
For treasure in a plow'd-up ground.

4. Then if when I have lov'd my round,
thou prove'st the pleasant she,
With spoil of meaner Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Even satiated with variety.

A Mock-song.

Howl, howl, some prodigious Owl,
For a Monster so foul,
no tongue can expresse,
And I fear I shall dye,

with

The Loyal Garland.

with a squint from that eye,
Which so lately did sit,
like infection from the skie,
O some worse Malady:
but I'll do what I can,
Ne're to see her again.

2. When I, in the Kitchen did spy,
this deformed prodigy,

On her knees scouring dishes,
oh she lookt so like a witch,
That my feet and hands did itch,
to be kicking of her bræth,

O: r' embrace her with a switch,
but she'l pteld such a screech

That I was well assur'd,
she could not be endur'd.

3. Bloat, bloat, and as chaste as a Goat,
or a lecherous Goat,

Was this damnable Wagg,
from each eye there did come,

A thick mensruous gum
like the spermatick foam

Of some ulcerated womb;
but I dare make it known,

That this stuff did arise,
from no pearls of her eyes.

4. But now, increaseth my woe.
though I trulpy did know

The Loyal Garland.

Where this Pole-cat did dwell;
for her work being done,
Bout the platter and the spoon,
she was banished soon,
And left me glad alone,
and to the Devil she is gone,
Which makes me to say,
that I'll keep Holy-day.

5. Hence I, for ever will desire,
such vain impurity,
As the kitchen affords:
all you sluts then adieu,
Be your smocks old or new,
I'll have nothing to do,
With such Tallow-mine as you,
but my love I'll renew,
Where I'll sigh out my breath,
till occasion'd by death.

Good Counsel.

C Loris forbear a while,
do not o'rejoy-me,
Urge not another smile,
lest thou destroy me:
That beauty pleaseth most,
and is soon't taken,
Which is soon won, soon lost,
kindly forsaken:
I love a coming Lasse, faith I do,

The Loyal Garland.

But now and then would have her scornful tw.

2. O cloud those eyes of thine,
bo-peep thy feature,

Warm'd with an April shine,
scorch not the creature,

Thus to display thy ware,
thus to be fooling,

Argues how rude you are,
in Cupids schooling :

Disdain begets a shent, scorn draws me nigh,
His cause I would and can't, makes me try.

3. Cloris, I'de have thee wise,
when gallants wooe thee,

And Courtship thou despise,
Hee those persue thee,

Fasting moves appetite,
makes hunger greater,

What's stinced of delight,
falls to the better :

Be kindly coy betimes, be smoothly rough,
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

The blinde Zealor.

I Am not mad, O Festus,

When zeal and godly knowledge
have put me in hope,
to deal with the Pope,

As well as the best in the Colledge,

Boldly I preach war a Cross, war a Susplice,

The Loyal Garland.

Miters, Copes, and Rochets,
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crochets.

2. In the house of pure Emanuel,
I had my education,

Where my friends surmise,
I dazled my eyes
With the sight of the Revelation,
Boldly, &c.

3. They bind me like a Bedlam,
They lash my four poor quarters,
While this I endure,
Faith makes me sure,
To be one of Foxes Partures.
Boldly, &c.

4. These injuries I suffer,
Through Antichrists perswasion,
Take away the chain,
Neither, Room, nor Spain,
Can resist my strong invasion,
Boldly, &c.

5. Of the Beasts ten horns, Lord bless us,
I have knockt off three already,
If they leave me alone,
I'll leave her none,
Though some say I am too heavy.
Boldly, &c.

6. I assail'd the seven-hill'd City,

Other

The Loyal Garland.

Where I met the great red Dragon,

But I kept him aloof,

With the Armour of proof,

Though here I have never a rag on.

Boldly, &c.

7. With Fire, Sword, and Target,

I encountred with the monster,

Though the sons of pride,

My zeal deride,

And all my deeds mis-consider.

Boldly, &c.

8. I saw two in a Vision,

With a flying book between 'em,

I fell in despair

Five times in a year,

And was cur'd by reading Grenham.

Boldly, &c.

9. I observed in Perkins Table

The black line of damnation,

but those crooked baits

so stuck in my brains,

That I fear'd my reprobation.

Boldly, &c.

10. I unhors'd the whore of Babel,

With a Lance of inspiration,

But I made her sink,

and spill her drink,

In the Cup of abomination.

Boldly, &c.

The Loyal Garland.

11. In the holy tongue of Canaan,
I plac'd my greatest pleasure,
Till I prickt my foot
with an hebrew root.
That bled beyond all measure,
Boldly, &c.

12. I appear'd before th' Archbishop,
And all the High Commission,
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face
He favored Superstition,
Beldly, &c.

Full forty times over.

Full forty times over I have scrib'd to him
Full forty times over repul'd have bin,
But 'tis forty to one but I'll tempt her again;
for he's a dull Loner
that so will give over,
Since thus runs the sport,
Since thus runs the sport,
Assault her but often, and you carry the Sport,
since thus runs the sport,
Assault her but often, and you carry the Sport.
2. There's a breach ready made which still
open hath bin, (in
With thousands of thoughts to betray it with
If you once but approach, you are sure to get in,
then stand not off coldly,

The Loyal Garland.

but venter on boldly
With weapon in hand,
With weapon in hand,
If you once but approach, she's not able to stand
with weapon in hand,
If you once but approach she's not able to stand

3. Some Ladies when down before them you
sit, (wit,
Will think to repulse you with fire-balls of
But alas they're but crackers, & seldom do hit,
then vanquish them after,
with alarms of laughter,
Their Forces being broke,
Their Forces being broke,
And y^e fire quite out, you may vanquish in smoke
their forces being broke :

And y^e fire quite out, you may vanquish in smoke
4. With pride and with state, some out-works
they make, (back :
And with bollies of Irons drive the enemy
If you minde her discretly she's easie to take,
then to it, ne're fear her,
but boldly come near her,

By working about,
By working about, (out,
If you once but approach, she can ne're hold it
by working about, (out,
If you once but approach, she can ne're hold it

5. Some

The Loyal Garland.

5. Some Ladies with blushes & modesty fight,
And with their own fears the rude foe do at
fright,

But they're eas'ly surpris'd if you come in,
then this you must drive at,
to Warley in private,

And then they're o'rethron,

And then they're o'rethron,

If you promise them fairly, they'll soon be your
and then they're o'rethron,

If you promise them fairly, they'll soon be your
own.

The Answer.

HE is a fond Lober that doteth on scorn,
Who Fortune's neglects hath patiently
born:

He's proud of abuses, if e're he return

To probe a fond Lober,

His wit he'll discover,

By striving to win,

A fort, where old forces neglected have bin.

2. For when a Fort we defend from the foe,
The traitors imprison, they ne're come below,
And her Fort is defended by answering, No.

If this will not do it,

Disdain added to it,

Your weapon will fall;

Although you approach, you'll not enter at all.

3. They

The Loyal Garland.

3. They are Lapp-birds sure, these Lovers
intend,
Which cannot with wit such a fortress defend
Whilst Hector's their Squibs and their Crack-
ers do spend;

And vainly come after,
To conquer with laughter;

For she hath no wit,
That spends all her fire in the smock to be hit.

4. Where a fort hath no strength but such as
is made

By pride and by state, such a foe may invade;
For these are defences for those of the trade:

You men are so witty,

Works guard not our City,

But forces within,

With which we maintain't, though the out-
works you win.

5. These warriors at last with our weapons
will fight;

If we are not aware, they'll come in the night:

But alas they're denied, our virtues are bright

For she that loves honor,

No parley e're won her,

To yield up her power,

For a few flatter'ing words, and the sport of an
hour.

The Loyal Garland.

The Jovialists Coronation.

Since it must be so, why then so let it go,
Let the Ciddi-brain'd times turn round,
Now we have our King, let the Goblets be
And our Monarchy thus we recover: (Crown
Whilst the Bottles are weeping,
We'l drench our sad souls
In big-belly'd Bowls,
And our sorrows in wine shall lie sleeping,
And we'l drink till our eyes do run over,
and probe it by reason,
It can be no treason
To drink, or to sing
A Mourneful of Healths to our true Crowned
King.

2. Let us all stand bare, in the presence we are,
Let our Moles like Bonfires shine:
In stead of the Conduits let Bottles run wine,
To perfect this true Coronation;
And we that are loyal in drink shall be Part,
For that face that wears Claret,
Looks like the Blood Royal,
And out-stares the Bores of our Nation;
In sign of Obedience,
Our Oaths of Allegiance,
Beer-glasses shall be,
And he that ripples, tends to the Nobility.
3. But if in this Reign, a Halberdy train,

The Loyal Garland.

Dr a Constable chauce to rebel,
And would with his twypels maliciously swell
And against the Kings party raise Arms,
Then the Drawers like Yeomen o the Guard,
With Quart-pots,
Shall fuddle the Dots,
Till they make 'um both Cuckolds & Freemen
And on their wives beat up Alarm:
Thus as the Health passes,
Weel trifle our Glasses,
And count it no sin
To drinke and be loyal, in defence of our King.

A Lovers Request.

Since 'tis my fate to be thy slave,
Srender such pity you would crave:
Since 'tis my fortune so to be,
to him that courts his destiny.

1. Twas those magnetick eyes t' at drew
my heart away at the first view,
Since then to love it was the womb
which gave it life, be not the tomb.

3. Should I affect erill'd delay
dangers attends a tedious way:
few are the words that may combine
our hearts, 'tis onely say Thou'rt mine.

4. Yet if another hath possess
those hopes that might have made me blest,

The Loyal Garland.

We speede in thy Doom, and I
by death am freed from misery.

The despairing Lover to his Mistress.

Fair Archabella to thine eyes,
that paints just blushes on the skies,
Each noble heart shall sacrifice;
yet be not cruel though you may,
When e'r you please to save, or slay,
or with a frown benight the day.

2. I do not beg that you shou'd rest
in an enforced high-way breast,
A Lodging for each common guest:
but I present a bleeding heart,
That never felt a former smart,
wounded by love, not prickt by art.

3. And if you smile, then I shall live:
but if you frown, a death you give,
For which it were a sin to grieve:
but if it be decreed I fall,
Grant me one Woe, one Woe is all;
that you wou'd me your Martyr call.

Good Advice.

Gather your Rose-buds whilst you may,
for time is still a flying,
And that same Flower which grows to day,
to morrow will be dying.

The Loyal Garland.

1. The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
the higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
and nearer is to setting,
2. That age is best that is the first,
whilst youth and blood are warmer :
But being fled, grows worse and worse,
and ill succeeds the former.
3. Then be not coy, but spend your time,
and whilst you may, go marry ;
for having once but lost your prime,
you may for ever tarry.

The Muses courting Sack.

POr take you Mistress, I'll be gone,
I have friends to wait upon ;
Think you I'll my self confine
to your humors, Lady mine ?
No: your lowering looks do say,
'twill be a rainy drinking day,
To the Tavern let's away.

1. There have I a Mistress got,
closter'd in a Bottle-pot :
Plump and bounding, soft and fair,
buckshom, sweet, and debonaire,
And they call her Sack my Dear.

2. Sack with no scornful breath will blast me,
though upon the bed she cast me,

The Loyal Garland.

Pet ne're blush her self to red,
no2 fear the los of Maiden-head:
And though mute and still she be,
quicker wits she brings to me
Then I e're could find in thee;
Pet if thou wilt take the pain
to be kinde pet once again,
And with thy smiles but call me back,
thou shalt be the Lady Back.
Oh then cry, and you shall see,
what a loving soul I'le be,
When I'm drunk with none but thee.

The Constant Lover.

Must your fair enflaming eye
Make a Lover mourn or cry?
All consenting, not repenting
At your will to live or die.

2. Must your fair face, and rare desert,
Keep in awe a Lovers heart?

Pet by praying, and obeying,
In thee I hope to have part.

3. In excess of joy or pain,
I still labor to attain

Such a measure of Loves treasure,
Never to be poor again.

4. Although I should plainly see
Your disdain would murder me,

The Loyal Garland.

It should not fright me, but delight me,
So I might thy Martyr be.

The Loyal Prisoner.

How happy's that Prisoner that conquers
his fate (plains:
With silence, and ne're on bad fortunes com-
But carelessly plays with keys on his grates,
And he makes a sweet consort with them and
his chains, (are oppress,
He motions care in sack, while his thoughts
And he makes his heart float like a Cork in his
head.

Then since we are all Slaves, and Mlanders be,
And our land a large prison inelos'd with the Sea
We'll drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free
For man is the worlds Epitomy.

2. Let Tyrants wear purple, deep dy'd in the
blood (stain,

Of those they have slain, their Scepters so
If our Conscience be clear, and our Title be
good, (then they,

With the rage that hang on us, to are richer
We'll drink down at night what we beg or can
borrow, (more woe,

And sleep without plotting for more the next
Then since we are, &c.

3. Let the Slavee worth o're his linge and his
joke, (be less,

That from Robbers he tak't from his
which

The Loyal Garland.

Which at midnight cries theives, at the noise
of a House,

And he looks if his Trunks are fast bound to
their fetters: (States-plat,

When once he is grown rich enough for a
Buff in one hour plunders what threescore years

Then since, &c. (got,

4. Come Drawer, fill each man a peck of old
(Sherry,

This brimmer shal bid al our senses good night

When old Aristotle was frolick and merr,

By the juice of the grape he stagger'd out-right,

Copernicus once in a drunken fit found (round,

By the course of 's brains & the world did turn

Then since, &c. (him,

5. 'Tis Sack makes our faces like Comets to

And gives rindure beyond a complexion mask,

Diogenes fell so in love with his wine,

Then when 'twas all out, he dwelt in the east

And being shut up within a close room,

He dying, requested a Tub for his Tomb.

Then since, &c.

6. Let him never so privately muster his gold,

His Angels will their intelligence be,

How closely they're prest in their Canvas hold

And they want the State-souldier to set them

all free,

Let them pine and be hang'd, we'l merrily sing

Who hath nothing to lose, may cry, God bless

Then since, &c.

(the King.

The Loyal Garland.

The Maidens Complainr.

When Flora had mantled the Meadows
with Flowers,

And richly adozned her beautiful Bowers,
I paid the sate sighing, and often did moan,
Saying, Love hath betraid her, & left her alone

2. He spit at the Tyrant that hath me betraid
And tax him with falshood for wzonging a maid
He call him blind Archer, & treacherous Wop,
Cause he with his engine my love doth annoy.

3. But if he pzeiserveth my heart as he should,
And wounds me not deeper with arrows of gold
He honor his pzecepts with clapping of hands
And still be obedient to all his commands.

Canary's Coronation.

Come let's purge our brains,

From Ale and Ozains,

They do smell of Anarchy :

Let's chuse a King,

From whose blood may spring,

Such a sparkling Progeny,

It will be fit, strow mine in it,

Whole flames are bright and clear,

We'l bind our hands with Drap-mens hands,

When as we may be free,

Why should we dzop, or basely stow

To popular Ale or Wær :

The Loyal Garland.

2. Who shall be king, now comes the thing,
For the which we all are met :

Claret is a Prince, that hath long since,
In the Royal Order set :

His face is spread with a warlike seed,
And so he loves to see men,

When he hears the swan, his Subjects they
Shall be as good as free men,

But here's the Plot almost forgot,

'Tis too much burnt with women.

3. By the river of Rhine is a valiant Vine,
That can all other replenish,

Let's then consent to the Government,
And the Royal Rule of Rhenish :

The German wine, will warm the Thine,
And frisk in every vein,

'Twill make the Bride forget to chide
And call him to't again ;

But that's not all, he is too small,
To be our Sovereign.

4. Let us never think of a noble drink,
But with notes advance on high :

Let's proclaim good Canary's name,
Heaven bless his Majesty,

He is a King in every thing,

Whose nature doth renounce all,

He'll make us skip and nimbly trip,
From Ceiling to the Groundsill,

Especially when Poets be.

The Loyal Garland.

Lords of the Bishop-Council.

5. But a Vintner will his Taster be,
Nert's nothing that can him let,
A Draper that hath a good palat:
Shall be Squire of the Gimplet;
The bar-bops shall be the Pages all;
A Tavern well prepar'd,
And nothing shall be spar'd
In jovial sort shall be the Court,
Wine-Porters that are souldiers tall
Be Promen of the Guard.

6. But if a Cooper we, with a red nose see,
In any part of the Town,
The Cooper shall with his Ads-royal,
Bear the Scepter of the Crown.
Young wits that wash away their Cash,
In wine and recreation,
Who hates Ale and Beer, shall be welcome here
To give their approbation,
He shall all you, that will allow
Canary's Coronation.

The Lovers complaint.

Tell me ye wandring spirits of the air, (fair
Did you e'r see a Nymph more bright, more
Than beauties darling, & her parts most sweet
then stole content? if such a one you meet,
Wait on her early wheresoe'er she lies,
and cry, and cry, Amyntas for her absence dies.
1. But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
were

The Loyal Garland.

were she on earth, she had bin with me still:
Fly, fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
and see what Star is lately fixed there;
If any brighter than the Sun you see,
fall down, fall down and worshipping, that is she.

Go search the valleys, pluck up every Rose,
and you shall finde a scent of her in those,
Go fish for Pearl-coral, there you shall see
how orientall all her colours be:
Then call the Echo to your aid, and cry,
Cloris, Cloris assist, or else I dye.

Platonick Love.

Fond Lovers what do you mean,
to Court an idle folly?
Platonick Love is nothing else
but meerly Melancholly,
Tis active love that makes us jolly.

2. To dote upon a face,
or court a sparkling eye,
Or to believe a dimpled chin,
compleat felicity,

Tis to betray your liberty.

3. She cares not for your sighs,
nor your lamenting eyes,
She hates to hear a fool complain,
and cry, he dies, he dies,
Believe she loves a close surprize.

4. Then

The Loyal Garland.

4. Then be no more so fond,
as to thinke a woman can
be satisfied with complements,
the frothy part of a man,
Oh no, she hates a Puritan.
5. Then venture to embrace,
'tis but one squeak or two,
I'm confident no woman likes,
but sometimes she will do,
The fault lies not in her, but you.

Upon passionate Love.

No man Loves fierp passion can approve,
As either yielding pleasure or promotion,
I like a milde and luke-warm zeal in love,
although I do not like it in devotion.

2. Besides, man need not love unless he please,
no destiny can force mans disposition,
How then can any die of that disease,
when as himself may be his own Physician?

3. Some one perhaps in long consumption dy'd
and after falling into love may die :

But I dare lay my life he ne'r had dy'd,
had he been healthy at the heart, as I.

4. Some others rather than incur the slander
of false apostates, may true martyrs prove:
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
He neither hang nor drown'd my self for love

5. Per

The Loyal Garland.

5. Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have di'd for love, as others do,
But prais'd be Jove, it was in such a sort,
that I reviv'd within one hour, or two.

6 Thus have I lov'd, thus have I liv'd til now,
and know no reason to repent me yet,
And he that any otherwise shall do,
his courage is no better than his wit.

The Womans Answer.

Noman loves fierp passion can resist
that either values pleasure or promotion,
I hate luke-warmness in an Amozist,
it is as bad in love, as in devotion.

2. You that pretend to have a love-proof heart
and dare despise the sacred power of Love,
May know that more has falln by Cupids dart,
than by the dreadful thunder-bolts of Jove.

3. Nor can you love, or not love, as you please,
for Cupids laws commands the disposition:
And I have known one die of that disease,
whereof himself to others was Physician.

4. For when the little God doth shoot his darts
from the bright eyes of women that are fair
The strokes are fatal, & wil wound the hearts
of men as healthful as you think you are.

5. Those y thus die for love, incur no slander,
but

The Loyal Garland.

but with Loves holy Martyrdom are crown'd
Perhaps you cannot imitate Leander,
for every man was not born to be drown'd.

6. You say you' ve been a Lover by report,
but never yet deserv'd so good a name,
He never lov'd indeed, loves but a sport,
it is ill jesting with a sacred flame.

7. Long may you live unlov'd, & when you die
women upon your loathed grave shall spit,
Till then all Gentlemen shall swear you lie,
to try your courage, as you did your wit.

A Song upon Put, and Tick-tack.

A young man and a pretty maid,
Sitting hand in hand together,
Smiling on him thus she said,
Sweet, let's spend our time in pleasure,
God sir, quoth she, if that you please,
a whole pfece with you I will venter,
At Put, to pass the time with ease,
or at Tick-tack to hit and enter.

2. These parties being both agreed,
of their best skill to make a tryal,
Though he at Put to learn had need,
yet he would give her no denial,
God sir, quoth she, come list with me,
those that list least shall have the dealing,
Hers was an Ace, his was a Tre,

quoth

The Loyal Garland.

quoth he I was deceiv'd in feeling.

3. She dealt to him, he put to her,
his game was good, she durst not see him;
To win the game she would be glad,
he was the first, and had the dealing,
And to be brief, three was the bet,
and hee got two, e're she got any,
An yet she swoze she would him beat,
for at last Put she had beat many.
4. Next Deal she held him closely to't,
his game was good, but hers was better,
He mov'd a Put, but durst not do't,
because her spirit was the greater,
Next bout she holdly Put to him,
and he undaunted, did put with her.
Hers being the best, the game was gone
because they did put both together.
5. Fair Mistress now I needs must say,
at Put your game is far the better,
At Tick-tack I will hold you play,
you shall lose all, and rest my debtoz.
Tush sir, quoth she, I fear you not,
which if in your Tables I once enter,
I'ch game I'll set you such a blot,
beyond the which you dare not benter.
6. Wilt thou with fair play be content,
let not my ill play thee trouble,
For I have a full intent,

The Loyal Garland.

for to hit, or take it double,
Duce-Ace he threw, a Tre her hat,
and yet he over-see to hit her,
she took him then with a Why-not?
but mark at last how he did fit her.

7. Now for the Set with strength he cast,
it was his fortune for to hit her,
he sank into her blot at last,
and then she did confess he beat her;
forty weeks hence, quoth she, I'll pay
my loss to thee, by this good token,
When as at Tiek-rack I did play,
I always left my Ace-point open.

LONDON'S Gratulation to the Lord
General, the sixth of March, 1660.

A Pzan was a Song of Praise
First made to great Apollo,
When plagues did rage in any place,
Or cruel War, Peace follow,
The blessings of good health and peace
Are such strong Obligations,
The first-fruits of our lips encrease
And due, as their Oblation.
Then let us pay our Thanks to thee,
(Themistocles of London,)
Who timely came to set us free,
Or London had been undone.

2. Religion, Law, and Liberty,

The Loyal Garland.

Distinguish us from others
The French have lost what's kept by thee,
(In freedom once our Brothers)
All was at Stake, when Hewson came,
To make a new Translation;
England it self became a Shame
And by word to each Nation.
Then let us pay our thanks to Thee,
(Renowned George of London,))
Who timely came to set us free,
Or London had been undone.
3. Our Churches were condemn'd of late,
Our Laws were but dead Letters,
Usurpers Lorded it in State,
And villaniz'd their betters.
Poor Citizens were doom'd the prey
Of Fleetwoods Safe Committee;
Granadoes were prepar'd to pay,
The publick faith to th' City,
Then let us pay, &c.
4. Fire and flames (like Thunder-claps
discharged by Joye in flashes)
Which vomited from Hewsons Chaps
to lay us all in Ashes:
The Anabaptists damn'd us all
to dismal Conflagration,
Or to enslave us to White-hall,
and Vanes vain ventilation,
Then let us pay, &c.

The Loyal Garland.

5. Our Goldsmiths towers in Lumbard-street,
and Cheap-side were propounded
for Village to the Saints ; as meet
such Idols were confounded !
Our Mercers, Grocers, Drapers too,
were measur'd out and weigh'd all,
Eyth' Plow-share of John Disborow,
that Standard, which has made all !
Then let us pay, &c.
6. Our other Guilds and Companies
were all condemn'd for plunder ;
And (where our antient glory lies)
our Senators brought under :
Petitions for our native Rights
were deem'd pernicious Treason,
Which our brave Ancestors in fights
obtain'd from Kings with reason.
Then let us pay our thanks to thee,
(Renowned George of London,)
Who timely came to set us free,
Or London had been undone.
7. Our Brethren murder'd were and slasht,
in peace as they were walking :
Out of their heads the brains were dasht
of some, as they stood talking :
The best betook themselves by flight
to Countrey-habitation ;
Who staid in Town, were in such plight,
as Eighty eight's Invasion.

8. But

The Loyal Garland.

7. But when the Rump (as some it nam'd)
assembled in December,

We thought, we had our own reclaim'd
by pighting up that Member,

Sir—we had season'd well
with Salt to make fair speeches
At House for us: but he can tell
no Tale but in his—

Then let us pay, &c.

8. Our Common-Council were decry'd,
some Members sent to th' Tower;

The Rump did then on horse-back ride
In an unlucky hour:

They pull'd our Posts and Chains all down,
Portcullises and Portals;

Sir Arthur (with a surly frown)
affrighted us poor Portals.

Then let us pay, &c.

9. But (blessed day) when thou didst call
the Members long secluded;

They voted down our slavish thrall
from forty eight intruded;

And what remains yet to be done
for Church and State in freedom,

We hope shall never be begun
from Prin-ciples of Needom.

Then let us pay, &c.

10. The States of Venice, and the Dutch,

The Loyal Garland.

by nature are designed
for Commonwealths : But England much
to Monarchie's inclined.

When Noll usurp'd, we quiet were,
contented with that Ape-King,
But more security is there,
when rules the right, no Rape-King.
Then let us pay, &c.

11. If we consider France and Spain,
where Liberty is reason,
The Kings their Subjects do maintain
In peace by prudent reason :
For Monarchy in Heaven above,
(The Scriptures prove it clearly,)
Keep's all the Royal host in Love,
and unity most dearly.
Then let us pay, &c.

12. One head the body do's preside
by nature's due Creation ;
One heart the life of Man do's guide,
One spirit is infus'd in Man,
His Fortification;
our Graces single be two :
Such Truths a meer Re-publican
or Devil must agree to.
Then let us pay, &c.

14. If Monarchy be best of all,

The Loyal Garland.

as (Aristotle proves it,
And Holp Writ,) well may we call
him loyal heart, that love's it :
And such the Noble Monk hath been,
(as Devon-Shire Annals render,)
Who faithful were to Bess our Queen,
and James our faith's Defender,
Then let us pay, &c.

15. Since thou art Of-spring of that Race,
to Kingship well devoted,
Let Charles the Second to his place,
be speedily promoted :
Thus Wars will end in stable Peace,
Church, State, no more shall sever,
Our Trades will flourish, Wealth increase,
our George shall live for ever,
Our thanks we freely pay to Thee, &c.

A SONG.

ALL hail to the days,
that merits more praise
Than all the rest of the year,
And welcome the nights
That double delights,
As well in the Day as the Night,
Good fortune attend
Each merry man's friend,
That doth but the best that he may,

The Loyal Garland.

forgetting old wrong,
With a Cup and a Song,
To drive the cold Winter away.

2. Let Misery pack
With a whip at his back,
To the deep Tantalian flood;
And Envy propound
In Lethe be drown'd,
That repines at another mans good,
Let sorrow's expence
Be a thousand years hence,
With payment of grief and delay,
And spend the whole night,
With honest delight,
To drive the cold Winter away,

An excellent Song.

I Dote, I dote, but am a Dot to know it;
I was a very fool to let her know it;
For now she doth so cunning grow,
She proves a friend worse than a foe,
She'll neither hold me fast, nor let me go:
For she tells me I cannot forsake her,
Then straight I endeavor to leave her,
For to make me to stay,
She gives a kiss in my way,
Then I could tarry for ever.
Then I retire, salute, and sit down by her.

The Loyal Garland.

Thus do I seep in frost, and freeze in fire,
Then Nectar from her lips I sup,
Although I cannot drink all up,
Yet I am fort with kissing of the Cup;
For her lips are two brimmers of Claret,
Where first I began to miscarry,
Her Breasts of delight,
Are two Bottles of White
And her eyes are two Cups of Canary.

(p. 100)
3. Drunk as I live, dead drunk without re,
And all my secrets dribble through a sieve,
Upon my neck her Arms she layeth
Then all is Gospel that she saith,
Which I laid hold on with my fuddled faith;
For I finde a fond Lover's a drunkard,
And dangerous is when he flies out;
With Lips and with Sips,
Black eyes and white thighs,
Blind Cupid sure ripld his eyes out.

4. She bids me rise, tells me I must be wise
Like her, for she is not in love, she cries,
Then do I fume, and fret, and throw,
Though I be fetter'd to my foe,
Then I begin to run, but cannot go:
But prithce sweet, use me more kindly,
'Tis better to hold me more fast;
If you e're disengage,
The Bird from the Cage,

The Loyal Garland.

Believe me, he'll leave you at last.

5. Like Hot I sit, that us'd to fill the town with
But I confesse I have most need of it, (wir,
I have been drunk with Duck and Deer,
Above a quarter of a year,
Beyond the cure of sleeping, or small Beer;
I think I can number the months too,
July, August, September, October,
Thas runs the Account,
A mischief light on't,
Dure I shall go home when I'm sober.

6. My legs are lam'd, my courage is quite tam'd
My heart and body too, are much enflam'd;
Now by experience I can prove,
And swear by all the Gods above
'Tis better to be drunk with wine, than Love
For sack makes us merry and witty,
Our foreheads with Jewels adorning,
Although I do grope,
Yet there is some hope
That I shall be sober next morning. (hand

7. Now with command, she throws me from her
And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand,
I measure all the ground by trips,
Was ever Hot so drunk with Sips?
Or ever man so over-seen in Lips?
I pray Adam Fickle be faithful,
And leave off your damnable dodging,

The Loyal Garland:

Either love me or leave me,
And do not deceive me,
But let me go home to my Lodging.

S. I have too much, and yet my folk's such,
I cannot leave, but must have to their touch,
Here's a Health to the King: how now,
I'm drunk, and shall speak treason I doubt,
But Lovers and fools may say any thing now,
For I fear I have tired your patience, (know)
But I'm sorry: 'tis I have the worst on't,
My wit hath bereft me,
And all that is left me,
Is but enough to make a Song on't,
My Mistress and I,
Shall never comply,
And that is the short and the long on't.

A Pastoral Song betwixt a Shepherd and a
Shepherdes.

Q. D. Had you not once Lucinda now,
you would love none but me?

A. I but my Mother tells me now,
I must love wealth, not thee.

Shep. Cruel, thy love lies in thy power,
though Fate to me's unkind:

Maid. Consider but how small thy Dower
is, in respect of mine.

Shep. Is it because my Shep are poor,

The Loyal Garland.

or that my flocks are few?

Maid. No: But I cannot love at all,
so mean a thing as you.

Shep. Ah me, Ah me, mock you may grief?

Maid. I pity thy hard fate.

Shep. Wilt thou for Love's but poor relief,
I'll rather choose your hate.

Maid. Content thy self, Shepherd a while,
I'll love thee by this kiss,
Thou shalt have no more cause to mourn
Than thou canst take in this.

Shep. Bear record when you Powers above,
and all those Help Bands:
For it appears the truest Love,
springs not from wealth nor Lands.

A Caveat.

Take heed fair Cloris, how you came
With your disdain, Amyntas flame;
A noble heart, if once temp'd,
Swell into such a heighe of pride,
Twill rather burst, than deign to be,
A worshipper of Cruelty.

2. You may use common Shepherds so,
Your sighs to fozens will quickly grow,
And set such scorns upon your pride,
Will blast all I have magnifi'd,
You are not fair, if love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

The Loyal Garland.

3. Oh do not for a flock of sheep,
A golden shewe whereon you sleep,
Nor for the Tales ambition tells,
Forsake the house where honor dwells:
In Damon's Palace you'll ne're shine
So bright, as in these arms of mine.

The Platonick Lover.

She's not the fairest of her name,
And yet she conquers more than all her race
But she hath other motives to inflame
besides her lovely face,
As wit and constancy, (eye,
And charms that take the soul more than the
Tis no easie Lover knows how to discover such
divinity.

2. And yet she is an easie Book,
written in plain language for the meanest wit
A statelie garb, and a gracious look,
with all things justly fit,
But age will undermine
That glorious outside which appears so fine,
When the common Lover shrinks and gives
Then she's onely mine. (her over

3. To the Platonick that applies
his clear addresses onely to the mind,
The body but a temple signifies
wherein the Saints inhabits:
To him it is all one,

The Loyal Garland.

Whether the walls be Marble, or of stone,
Nap in holy places which old time defaces,
Post Devotion's shown.

Loves Extasie.

Now I confesse I am in love,
although I thought I never should,
But 'tis with one sent from above,
Whom Nature fram'd of finer mould,
So good, so rare, so all divine,
I'd quit the world to make her mine.

1. Have you not seen the Stars retreat,
When Sol salutes the Hemisphere,
So shrink the Beauties called great
When sweet Rosella doth appear:
Were she as other women are,
I should not court her with despair.
3. But I could never bear a mind,
willing to stoop to common faces,
Nor confidence enough could finde
to aim at one so full of graces,
Fortune and Nature did agree,
No woman should be fit for me.

The Husband-man, and Serving-man.

Well met my friend, upon the high-way
walking on,
So sad all alone,

I pray

The Loyal Garland.

I pray you tell to me, of what science you be
Are you a Serving-man?

2. Oh my brother dear, why dost thou inquire
any such thing at my hand?

I will not faine but chille tell thee plain,
I am a plain Husband-man.

3. If a husband-man you be, if you will go with
you shall finde alteration then, (me,
For I will bring you in a very short time,
where you may be a Serving-man.

4. Good sir, che give you thanks for your great
simple though here I do stand: (diligence
But yet I do mean with my plough & my team
still to be a Husband-man.

5. We have pleasure like a King, we ride a
hunting,
with our goodly Greyhounds many a one,
Our horns all arow, their measures for to blow
oh 'tis pleasure for a Serving-man.

6. We have pleasure more than that
to see our Oren bat,
Not under their Loads for to stand;
but to labor and take pain,
To bring in our gain,
oh 'tis pleasure for a Husband-man.

7. A Serving-man doth eat,
The best Meat that he can get,
his Pig, Cowle, Capon, and his Swan,
Thereto

The Loyal Garland.

Thereto his Pasties fine,
With Sack and Claret-wine.

oh 'tis Diet for a Serving-man.

8. As for Pig, Goose and Capon,
Give me good Beef and Bacon,
with Butter and Cheese among,
And in a Countrey House
Eat Pudding and Zouze.

that's Diet for a Husbanding-man.

9. A Serving-mans behabior,
Brings him into favor,
when he waits his Masters Table upon:
There is never a Knight nor Squire
That lives in all the Shire,
but he must have a Serving-man.

10. If a Serving-man you were,
Then need you not to care
for tilling or ploughing of your land;
for then you may go gay,
And wear hase arap,
oh 'tis habit for the Serving-man.

11. As for your gay Repparel,
Zie, this is not the quarrel,
that you and I do stand upon:
But fain would I know,
If that thou canst me show,
what pleasure hath a Serving-man.

12. A Serving-mans pleasure

The Loyal Garland.

Is without measure,
when the Hawk is his fist upon,
To see what haste he will make,
His game for to take,
oh 'tis pleasure for a Serving-man,

13. We have pleasure also,
To see our Corn grow,
and prosper the land upon,
And to get it in our Barns;
Free from any harms;

oh 'tis pleasure for a Husbanding-man.
14. Indeed sir, it were bad,
If none were to be had,
to tend the Table upon,
But there's neither Emperour nor King,
Nor any living,

can live without the Husbanding-man.
15. Indeed I must confess,
And grant you no less,
and give you the upper hand,
Your labour is painful,
But yet it is gainful,

I would I were a Husbanding-man.
16. Then let us all,
Both great and small,
pray for the Peace of old England;
And that we may ever
Do our endeavour,

still to maintain the Husband-man.

A Merry

The Loyal Garland.

A Merry Medley.

First Ayr. The Jews Corant.

Let's call and drinke the Cellar dry,
There's nothing sober underneath the sky,
The greatest Kingdoms in confusion lye,
Since all the world grows mad, why may not I
my Father's dead and I am free
he left no children in the world but me,
the Devil drunk him down with usury
and I'll repine in liberality,
When first the English war began
He was precisely a politick man,
That gain'd his state by sequestration
till Oliver began (run
to come with sword in hand and put him to the
Then jovial Lads who are undone,
So by the Father, come home to the Son
Whom wine and musick now do wait upon,
let's tipple up a run,
and drinke your woes away, jolly hearts come
on, come on.

Second Ayr. Princess Royal.

Here's a Health to him that may
do a trick that shall
advance you all,
And beget a very jovial day.

The Loyal Garland.

Fill another botol to he
who hath drank by stealth
his Landlords health,
If his spirit and his tongue agree,
the Land shall celebrate his fame,
all the world embalm his name,
not a right good fellow,
but will satisfie the same,
The Bells full merrily shall ring,
All the Town shall dance and sing,
more delights than I can tell ye ;
When we see this noble Spring,
wee'l have Ladies by the bell,
and a snatch at the o'ther thing.

The third Ayre.

Come hither my own sweet Duck.

We's at to be merrp and jolly,
quaff, carouse, and reel,
We's play with Peggy and Molly
dance, and kisse, and feel,
We's put up the Bag-pipe & Organ.
and make the Welsh Harper to play,
Till Mauris ap Shon ap Morgan
fish as on St. Tassies day.
Hold up Jinny,
Piper come play us a spring,
all you that have Musick in ye
Tipple, dance, and sing.

The Loyal Garland.

Fourth Ayre. French Tricotees.

L Et de French Monsieur come and swear,
Begar Mounseieur,
Dis is de ting bee long to hear,
So many a pear,
Dancing bill be lookt upon,
How de man of Pron is gone,
He glad his dancing days be done:
When de flower-de-luces grows
With de English Crown and Rose,
Dats berry good as we suppose,
De French can libe without de nose.

Fifth Ayre. French Tricotees.

S Pain and English then,
Like men,
Shall love and make a League agen.
Holland Boers shall quaff,
and laugh,
Pow Irish swim in Usquebaugh,
James and Jinnikin,
touch the Minnikin
Drink till all the Sky look blew,
by this sweet change
Monsters doth ensue,
almost as strange
As Scotland to be true.

The Loyal Garland.

Sixth Ayre. A new Countrey-dance.

NO Diapman shall with his dull feet ap-
peare Lord in the Common-weal,
No Jesuit in the Pulpit appear,
under a Cloak of zeal:
Musician never be noted
for wandring men of ease,
But they shall be finely Coated
and permitted to sing what they please,
If all things do but hit well
who knows but so 't may be,
Though now you be very zealous,
then you'll laugh and be merry as we.

The Resolute Lover.

Little Love serves my turn,
'tis so inflaming,
Rather than I will burn,
Ile give o're Gaming;
For when I think upon 't,
oh 'tis so painful
'Cause Ladies have a trick
to be disdainful.

2. Beauty shall court it self,
'tis not worth speaking;
Ile no more am'rous pelf,
no more heart-breaking,

Those

The Loyal Garland.

Those that ne re felt the smart,
let them go try it,
I have redēd my heart,
now I defie it.

Upon the draining of the Fens.

The Up land people are full of thoughts,
and do despair of After-rain,
The sun he is rob'd of his Morning draughts,
they'r afraid they shal never have showr again
Then apace, apace, pace drink deep, drink deep,
While 'tis to be had let's our Liquor ply,
The Drainers are up, and a coy they do keep,
And threaten to drain our Kingdom dry.

1. The new Philosophers rob us of fire, (thet
and by reason do strive to maintain their
But if the fresh waters begin to retire,

we shall shortly have never an element left,
Then apace, &c.

2. Our deepest waters are now dry land,
and Cels are turn'd to serpents there;
If old Father Thames plays not the man,
then farewell to all our good English Beer.
Then apace, &c.

3. The Dutch man hath a thirsty soul,
and our Cellars are subject to his call,
Let every man then take hold of his Bowl,
'tis pity the German Sea should have all.
Then apace, &c.

The Loyal Garland.

5. Summon all the brave Lads then that
to be mettr,
and let every man lay his hand on the be
And swear we'l compel them to finde us old
Sherrp,
that so still our Bully March-beer have sh
Then apace, &c.

6. Why should we stay here then, and pr
with thirst?
to the New-world i'th Moon away let us
For if the Dutch Colony get thither first,
'tis a hundred to one but they'l drain there
Then apace, &c.

A Song in praise of Canary.

Listen I pray, to the words I be to say,
in memory firm and certain,
Rich wine both us raise, to y^e hono^r of the bay
Quod non facere desertim.

2. Of all the juice, that the Gods do produce,
Sack shall be preferred before 'um :
It's Sack that shall, create us all,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Virorum.

3. We abandon Ale, and Beer that is stale.
Rosa-solis, and damnable Hum ;
But we will crack, in the praise of Sack,
against Omne quod exit in um.

4. This is the wine in former time,

The Loyal Garland.

- each wisest of the Sagi,
 Has went to caruze, and frolickp bowze,
 Recubans sub regmine sagi.
5. Let the boy be their bairn, and the Boy be
 their pain,
 let the Gout and the Collick pine 'um,
 That offer to shrink from taking this Drink,
 Seu Græcum, live Latinum.
6. Let the Glass go round, let the Quart-pot
 let each man do as he's done to, (sound
 Aboute you that hug, the abominable Jugg,
 'mongst us Heteroclitæ sunt.
7. Back's onely divine, Beer's drass for a swine,
 there's no such mud as Ale is; (low,
 in which they y wallow, a por take their shoal-
 Sunt Talpa Dama Canalis.
8. There's no such disease, as he y doth please,
 with Ale and Beer for to shame us :
 Its Back makes us sing, Hi-ding, a-ding, ding
 Musa Apollo majora Canamus.
9. When I've back in my brain, I'm in a met-
 and this my onely bliss is : (up bairn,
 He that is most wise I can him despise,
 Mecum confertur Ulysses.
10. How it clears the brain : how it warms
 how against all colles it arms us? (the bein
 how it makes him that's por couragious & roar
 Et mutatur dicere formas.

The Loyal Garland.

11. Give me my boy, my delight and my joy,
to the Lad that never drinks Ale,
By Sack he that claps us, into our Syntax,
Est verbum personale.

12. Art thou sick or lame, or are thy wits in
call for Sack, and thou shalt have it; (blame
Then do not rise, but be very wise,
Cui una natura negabit.

13. We have merry-go-downs, we have jovial
yet nothing comes at random; (rounds,
When you come to pay, do you shrink away,
Id est commuue notandum.

14. He that drinks still and ne're has his fill,
has a passage like a Conduit,
He still doth aspire, his rapture's on fire,
Si Æthera Æthera fundit.

15. I have told you plain, and I tell you again
he be as mad as Orlando,
He is but an Als: and so let him pass,
Nisi bibit ostia stando.

The Protecting Brewer.

A Brewer may be a Burgess grave,
and carry the matter so fine and so brave,
That he the better may play the knave,
which no body can deny.

2. A Brewer may be a Parliament-man,
For there the knavery first began,

And

The Loyal Garland.

And he w most cunning Plots he can,
which, &c.

3. A Brewer map put on a Nabal face,
And march to the wars with such a grace,
That he may get a Captains place,
which, &c.

4. A Brewer map speak so monstrous well,
That he may raise strange things to tell,
And so be made a Colonel,
which, &c.

5. A Brewer map make his foes to flee,
And raise his fortunes, so that he,
Lieutenant-General map be,
which, &c.

6. A Brewer map be like a Fox in a Tub,
And teach a Lecture out of a Tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
which, &c.

7. A Brewer bp's Exercise and Rate,
Will promise his Army he knows what,
And set it upon the Colledge-gate,
which, &c.

8. Perhaps I bear one lap to me,

The Loyal Garland.

May you may not a Brewer be,
Lord Chancellor o' th' Univerſity,
which, &c.

10. A Brewer may be as bold as a Bear,
When he has drunk off his Cup of Meere,
And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector,
which, &c.

11. Now here remains the ſtrangeſt thing,
How this Brewer about his liquor doth bring
To be an Emperour, or a King,
which, &c.

12. A Brewer may do what he thinks well,
Rob the Church and State, to ſell
His ſoul unto the Devil of Hell,
which, &c.

Cromwel's Coronation.

OLiver, Oliver, take up thy Crown,
For now thou haſt made thee a Kingdome
thine own;

Call thee a Conclave of thy own creation,
to ride us to ruine, who dares thee oppoſe?
Whilſt we thy good people are at thy devotion
to fall down and worſhip thy terrible Name.

2. To thee and thy Meritdons Oliver, we
do tender our homage as fits thy degree,
We'l pay thee Excife and Taxes, God bleſs us,
with fear & contrition, as penitents thouſt.

Whilſt

The Loyal Garland.

Whilst you great sirs, vouchsafe to oppress us,
not daring so much as in private to scold.

3. We bow down, as you'd down, to thee and
thy Sword, (Lozde
for now thou hast made thy self Englands sol,
By Mandate of scripture, & heavenly warrant
the Oath of Allegiance, and Covenant too :
To Charls and his Kingdoms thou art Heir
apparent,
and born to reign over the Turk and the Jew

3. Then Oliver, Oliver, get up and ride,
whilst Lozds, Knights, and Gentry do run
by thy side, (glory,
The Paulsters and Bytters account it thete
Great God of the grain-tub's compared to thee
All Rebels of old are lost in their story,
till thou plad'st along to the Paddington-tree

A Medley of the Nations.

The Scot.

I Am the honny Scot sir,
My name is Pickle John ;
'Tis I was in the Plot Sir,
When first the Wars began :
I left the Court one thousand
Sir hundred forty one ;
But since the flight

The Loyal Garland.

At Worster fight

We are awndone.

I serb'd my Lord and Master,

When as he liv'd at home,

Until by sad disaster

He receiv'd his doom;

But now we sink,

Wds bred I think

The Dæls gat in his room:

He ne man spares,

But stamps and feres

At all Christendom.

2. I have trahel'd mickle grounds,

Since I came from Worster bounds,

I have gang'd the jolly rounds

Of the neighbouring Nations;

And what their opinion are,

Of the Scotch and English war,

In good faith I sal declare,

And their approbations.

Jockey sweats

He has his load,

Bears the rod,

Come from God,

And complaints go verp odd

Since the siege at Worster;

We were wounded

The Loyal Garland.

Tag and rag,
Foot and lag,
Wemb and crag,
Hark I hear the Dutch-man brag,
And begin to bluffer.

The Dutch.

1. Wds Sacrament, sal Hogen Hogen States
Strike down der top sails unto pump Powers:
Ten thousand run of Tibel Damp Fates,
If dat her Ships and Goods prove not all ours:
Since dat blot and wounds do delight dem,
Tantarara Trumpet sounds,
Let Van Trump go foze and fight dem,
Oldest States shall first be crown'd,
English Skellam fight not on godt side;
But at last the Flemings hear,
Dep ha' gib'n us such a broad side;
Dat ick sal be foze't to retreat,
So de French man he comes in compleat.

The French.

4. By Car Mounseur 'tis must in vain,
For Dushland, France, or Spain,
To cross de English man;
De Nation now is grown so strong,
De Debla e'rt he long
Must learna de same tongue,
'Tis betra den far to combine,
To sel dem Wine,

And

The Loyal Garland.

And teach dem to make her Lacy fine;
We'l teach dem foꝛ to trip and minsh,
To kick and winsh,
Foꝛ by de Sword we never sal conuince,
Since ebery Byewer dars can beat a Prince.

The Spaniard.

5. What are the English to quarrel so prone,
Dat dey cannot now adays let deir neighbors
And sal de Gzabe & the Catholick King (long
Before ever dus control'd wld a sword & a sling
Sal hode de Indias be left unto de swap,
And purity a dose dat do plunder and prap;
E're dat we will suffer such affronts foꝛ to be,
We'l tumble dem down, as pou sal senioꝛ se.

The Welch.

6. Cassp was once a Cottamighty of Wales;
But her Cousin O.P. was a Breater,
Was come in her countryp Cuillplutterp nally
Was took her welch hook and was peat her;
Was eat up her Sheese,
Her Turk, and her Geese,
Her Pick, her Capon was ty foꝛ't;
Ap Richard, ap Owen, ap Morgan, ap Steven
Ap Shinkin, ap Powel, was fly foꝛ't.

The Irish.

7. O hone, O hone, pow Leg and Hone,
O hone, may howl and cry,

[The Loyal Garland.

St. Patrick help thy Countrey men,
O fate and trot we dye;
Do English steal our heart of Ulquebagh,
Dep put us to the sword all in Dewguedagh;
Help us St. Patrick we ha no saint at all but doe
O let us cry no more, O hone, a cram, a cree!

The English.

A Crown, a crown, make room,
The English man is come,
Whose valor
Is taller
Than all Christendome:
The Spanish, French, and Dutch,
Scotch, Welsh, and Irish geuth,
We fear not,
We care not,
For we can deal with such. (Waste,
You thought when we began in a civil war to
Our Village
Pour Pluige
Should come home at last:
For when we
Could not agree,
You thought to ware in our fall;
But here Sir Sir,
For first Sir,
We shall mole you all.

The Loyal Garland.

The Royalists Answer to, Nay prithee
don't fly me,

I Have reason to fly thee,
And not sit down by thee
For I hate to behold,
One so saucy and bold,
To deride and contemn his Superiours,
Our Majams and Lords,
And such mannerly words,
With the gestures that be
Fit for every degree,
Are things that we and you
Both claim as our due
From all those that are our Inferiours,
For from the begining there were Princes we
know (he so
'Twas you Levellers hate 'um, 'cause you can't
2. All Titles of Honours
Were at the first in the Donors,
But being granted away
With the Grantees stay,
If he wear a small coul or bigger,
There's a necessity
That there should be degree.
Where 'tis due we'll afford
A Sir John, and my Lord,
Though Dick, Tom, and Jack,
Will serve you and your Pack,

Honest

The Loyal Garland.

Honest Dick's name enough for a Digger.
That has a strong Purse can all things say
Is valiant and wise, & religious too. (or do,
3. We have cause to adore,
That man that has store,
Though a Boze or a Sot,
There's something to be got;
Though he be neither honest nor witty,
Make him high, let him rule,
He'll be playing the fool,
And transgress, then we'll squeeze
Him for Fines and for Fees,
And so we shall gain,
By the wants of his brain,
'Tis the Fools-cap that maintains the City.
If honor be air, 'tis in common, and as fit,
For the fool and the clown, as for the champion
Of the wit.
4. Then why mayn't we be
Of different degree?
And each man aspire
To be greater and higher,
Than his wiser or honest brother?
Since Fortune and Nature
Their favors do scatter;
This hath balor, that wit,
To other wealth, nor is't fit,
That one should have all,
For then what would befall

Him

The Loyal Garland. ¶

Him that's born not to one nor to'ther?
Though honor were a prize at first, now 'tis a
chattle, (poor chattle.
And as merchantable grown as your wares or
5. Yet in this we agree,
To live quiet and free,
To drink Sack and submit,
And not shew your wit
By our prating, but silence, and thinking,
Let the Politick Jews,
Read Diurnals and News,
And lard their discourse,
With a Comment that's worse,
That which pleaseth me best
Is a Song or a Jest,
And my obedience I'll shew by my drinking
He that drinks well, does sleep well, he that sleeps
well, doth think well,
He that drinks well, does do well, he that does
well, must drink well.

A Dialogue betwixt *Tom* and *Dick*, the former
a Country man, the other a Citizen, Presen-
ted to the Lord General *Monck*, at Dra-
pers Hall London. March 28. 1660.

To the tune of *I'll never love thee more.*

Tom. **N**ow would I give my life to see
This wondrous Man of might.
Dick.

The Loyal Garland.

Dick. Dost see that Jolly Lad? That's he;

I'll warrant him he's right.

There's a true Trojan in his face,

Observe him o'ze and o'ze.

Come Tom, If ever George be base,

We're trust good fellow more.

He's none of the Whantastick bawd,
that murder while they pray:

That trusts and cheat us for our good,
(all in a godly way,)

He drinks no Blood, and they no sack
into their guts will pour:

But if George does not the knack,

We're trust good fellow more.

His quiet Conscience needs no guard,

He's brave, but full of pity,

Tom. Pet, by your leave, he knockt so hard

He'd like t'awak'd the City.

Dick. Fool, 'twas the Rump that let a fart,

The Chains and Gates it tore.

But if George bears not a true heart,

We're trust good fellow more.

Tom. You City blades are cunning Rooks,

how rarely you colleague him?

But when your Gates flew off the hooks,

you did as much be-rogue him.

Dick. Pugh——'twas the Rump did onely feel

the blows the City bore:

But

The Loyal Garland.

But if George ben't true as Steel,
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Dick. Come, by this hand, we'l crack a quart,
thou lt pledge his Health, I trow.

Tom. Cope boy, Dick — A lusty dish my heart,
away w'ot: Tom — Let it go.

Drench me you slave in a full bowl,
He take't aw't were a score.

Dick, Nay, if George ben't a hearty Soul,
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. But hark you, sirrah, we're too loud.
he'l hang us by and by.

Perchinks he should be vengeance proud,

Dick. No more than thee or I.

Tom. Why then He give him the best Blade
That e're the Bilbo woze.

Dick. If George prove not the bonny Lad,
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. 't'Was well he came, we'd maul'd the tail
—— We've all th'rown up our Farms,
And from the Husket to the Flail,
put all our men in Arms.

The Girls had ta'ne the Members down,
Ne're saw such things before.

Dick, If George speak not the town our own,
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Dick. But p'st'hee, are the folk so mad?

Tom. So mad, say'st? — They'r undone,
There's

The Loyal Garland.

There's not a penny to be had,
and ev'ry Mother's son
will fight. if he intend to eat,
grow valiant now he is poor.
Come, yet if George don't do the feat,
I trust good fellow more.

Tom. Why Richard, 'tis a devilish thing,
we're not left worth a groat.
My Doll has sold her wedding-ring,
and Sue has pawn'd her coat.
The snivelling Rogues abus'd our Squire,
and call my Mistress whore;
Yet if George don't do what we require,
I trust good fellow more.

Tom. By this good day I did but speak,
they took my pp-hall'd Mare,
And put the carrion wench to ch squeak,
(things go against the hair.)
Our prick-ear'd Cornel looks as big,
still as he did before:
And yet if George don't hum his Gigg,
I trust good fellow more.

faith Tom, our case is much at one;
we're broke for want of trade;
Our City's baffled and undone,
betwixt the Rump and Blade.
We've emptied both our Uting and Wags
upon a Faction's Dregs.

The Loyal Garland.

If *George* compassion not our rage,
Ne're trust good fellow more

Tom. But what dost think should be y^e cause,
whence all these mischiefs spring?

Dick. Our damned breach of Oaths and Law
our murder of the King.

We have bin slaves since *Charles* his Reign,
we liv'd like Lords before:

If *George* don't set all things right again,
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. Our Vicar-- (and he's one that knows
told me once, — I know what: —
(and yet the Thief is wound up close)

Dick. 'Tis all the better; — That
Has too much Honesty and Wit,
to let his tongue run o're:

If this prove not a lucky hit,
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Shall I ask him what he means to do:

Tom. — Good faith with all my heart;
Thou mak'st the better Leg o' th' two:
take thou the better part:

I'll follow if thou'lt lead the Van.

Dick. Content; — He march before.
If *George* prove not a gallant man,
Ne're trust good fellow more.

My Lord: — in us the Nation craves,
but what you're bound to do.

The Loyal Garland.

Tom.-- we have lov'd Judges: Dick- and we
Restore us but our Laws agen;

Th' unborn shall thee adore:

George denies us his Amen.

We're trust good fellow more.

Englands Triumph: Or, the Ramp routed, by a
true assertor of Englands Interest, General
George Monck.

To the tune of, Fill up the Parliament full.

What maketh the Souldiers
to stand to their Arms:

'Tis for what they profess
to keep us from harms,

The Members secluded
come now in by swarms,

To fill up the Parliament full, full, full.

To fill up the Parliament full.

You know that the City Gates
late were throw'd down,

And the Walls too were order'd
by Parliament frown:

But General Monck has pleas'd
Soldier and Coward,

And fill'd up the Parliament, &c.

A dispute there was had

by the Members secluded,

That Monck was the Empire,

The Loyal Garland.

and found them deluded,
But Englands great joy
is now wholly concluded;
For he has fill'd up the Parliament, &c.

Sir Arthur the Valiant
must make his speech large
Lest the Members excluded
lay treason to's charge,
He'd better have dealt
with his New-Castle Barge,
Than to see the old Parliament, &c.

The Aldermen Grave,
and the Commons o'ch City,
Imprisoned were
the more is the pity,
But General Monck said,
that I will acquit ye,
For the Parliament shall be now, &c.

Have you not seen
fresh flowers in the spring?
And have you not heard
a Cage-bird sing?
But if the Cage-Members,
would bring in the King,
It would fill up the Parliament, &c.

The Parliament now will
come into their Cells,
For secluded P. R. Y. N.

The Loyal Garland,

(that once lost his Cars)
Marcht in with his Rapier,
for Commons and Peers,
To fill up the Parliament, &c.
Whose often Declaring
has furnisht the Nation,
With Parliament Arguments
of the old fashion,
And would have both
King, Lords, and Peers in this Nation
To fill up the Parliament, &c.

Our brave General Monck
we bound are to thank;
The Honest Lord Fairfax
has plaid (tw) his prank,
No thanks to be given
to the Rump nor the Shank
To fill up the Parliament, &c.

Had the City ne're mov'd,
nor the Apprentices Grove,
They'd lost their Old Charter:
but MONCK had a love
To challenge the Grand Ones
which Pilchets did move;
And so fill'd up the Parliament full, full full,
And so fill'd up the Parliament full.

The Loyal Garland.

The taking of *Mardike*.

When first *Mardike* was made a pzepr,
'twas courage that carry'd the town
Then do not lose your valor'd prize, (away,
by gazing on your Mistress eyes:
But put off your Petticoat-parley,
Pottling, and sorting,
And laughing, and quaffing Canary,
Will make a good Soldier miscarry,
and never travel for true renown;
Then turn to your Martial Mistress,
Fair Minerva the Soldiers sister is,
Rallying, and Salping,
With gashing, and slashing of wounds, sir,
With turning and burning of towns, sir,
Is a high step to a States-mans throne.
2. Let bold Belona's Byrmer frown,
and his Tun shall overflow the town.
And give the Clobber sword and fate,
and a Tinker may trappan the State,
Such fortunate foes as these be,
turn'd the Crown to a Cross at Naseby,
Father and Mother,
And Sister and Brother confounded,
And many good Families wounded
by a terrible turn of Fate;
He that can,
kill a man,
Thunder and plunder precisely,

The Loyal Garland.

this is the man that doth wisely,
And may climb to a Cheere of State.

3. It is the Sword doth order all,
makes peasan^ts rise and Princes fall;
All Syllogisms in vain are spilt,
no Logick like a Basket-hilt,
It handles 'em joynt, by joynt, fir,
Quilling, and drilling,

And spilling, and killing profoundly,
Untill the disputers o^th ground lye,
and have never a word to say,
Unless it be Quarter, Quarter,
truth is confuted by a Carter,
By stripping and nipping,

And ripping, and quipping evasions,
Doth conquer a power of perswasions,
Aristotle hath lost the day.

4. The Musket gives St. Paul the lurch,
and beats the Cannons from the Church,
The Priests Episcopall Gown too,
and the Organ hath lost his sound too,

Cantara, Cantara, the Trumpet
Has blown away Babylons Trumpet
Now divinity gins to crack:

the Counsellors are struck dumb too,
By the Parchment upon the Drum too.

Dub-a-dub, Dub-a-dub,
Dub-a-dub, Dub-a-dub an alarum,
Each Corporal now can out-dare 'um,

.The Loyal Garland.
learned Liddleton goes to rack.

3. Then since our Swords so bright do shine,
we'l leave our wenches and our wine,
And follow Mars where e're he runs,
and turn our pipes and pots to guns,
The bottles shall be the Granadoes,
we'l bounce about the bravadoes,
By huffing, and puffing,
And miffing, and kuffing & Spaniard,
Whose brow has been dy'd in a Can-pard:
well got fame is a Warriors wife:
The Drumer shall be the Drummer,
we'l be Colonels all next Summer,
By hilding, and tilting,
And popnting, and joynting,
Like brave boys,
we shall gold on a grave boys,
And there is an end of a Soldiers life.

The Re-Resurrection of the R U M P: or,
Rebellion and Tyranny revived.

To the tune of the Blacksmith.

If none be offended with the Rcent,
though I foul my mouth, Ile be content,
To sing of the Rump of a Parliament.
which no body can deny.

2. I have sometimes fed on a Rump in sowse,
And a man may imagine the Rump of a Louse
But

The Loyal Garland.

But till now was ne're heard of the Rump of a
which, &c. (House,

Theres a rump of beef, & the rump of a goose,
And a rump whose neck was hangd in a noose;
But ours is a Rump can play fast and loose.
which, &c.

A rump had Jane Shore, & a Rump Messaleen
And a Rump had Antonies resolute Queen:
But such a Rump as ours is, never was seen,
which, &c.

Two short pears together we English have
scarce
Seen rid of thy rampant Mole (Old Mars)
But now thou hast got a prodigious Arse,
which, &c.

When the parts of the body did all fall out,
Some votes it is like did pass for the Snout;
But that the Rump should be King was never
which, &c. (a doubt,

A Cat has a Rump, & a Cat has nine lives,
Yet when her heads off, her rump never strikes
But our Rump from the grave hath made two
Retribes,
which, &c.

That the Rump may al their enemies quail
Ther borrow the Devils Coat of Mail,
And all to defend their Estate in Tail,
which, &c.

But

The Loyal Garland.

But though their scale now seem to be th'upper
There's no need of the charge of a Thank
giving supper,

For if they be the Rump, the Armp's their
which, &c. (Crupper

10. There is a saying belongs to the Rump,
which is good although it be worn to the stum
That on the Buttock Ile give thee a thump,
which, &c. (a part

11 There's a proverb in which y Rump claims
Which hath in it more of sense than of Art,
That for all you can do I care not a fart,
which, &c. (for his Crest

12. There's another Proverb gives the Rump
But Alderman Arkins made it a Jest, (best
That of all kind of Lucks, Whitten Luck is the
which, &c. (fall

13. There's another Proverb that never will
That the good the Rump will do when they please
Is to give us a Flop with a Fox-tail, (bail
which, &c.

14. There is a saying w^h is made by no fools
I never can hear on't but my heart it cools,
That th Rump will spend all we have in clo
which, &c. (stol

15 There's an observation wise & deep, (way
Which without an Onion will make me to
Tha

The Loyal Garland.

Flies will blow maggots in the rump of
a Shep,
which, &c.

And some that can see the wood from the
trees,

this sancti'd Rump in time we may see
the Turks do challenge the Rumps for
which, &c. (their fees)

When the Rump doth sit we'll make it our
mane,

but a Reason be 'nacted if there be not one,
tho' a fart hath a tongue, & a fiend hath none,
which &c.

And whilst within the walls they lurk,
satisfie us, will be a good work,
what hath most religion, & Rump or the Turk
which &c. (furrow,

A Rump's a Flag-end, like the baulk of a
ship is to the whole like & Tail to the Burrough
is the bran which is left when the Meal is
run thorough,
which, &c. (on't,

Consider the world, the Heaven is the head
the earth is the middle & we men are sed on't,
but hel is the Rump, & no moze can be sed on't
which no body can deny.

The

The Loyal Garland.
The Bulls Feather.

I t hanc't not long ago, as I was walking
and eccho did bring me to where two were
talking,

'Twas a man said to his wife, dye had
Than to be cornuted, & wear the Bulls feather

2. Then presently she reply'd, Sweet art thou
jealous?

thou canst not play Vulcan before I play
Thy fancies are foolish, such follies to gather
there's many an honest man has worn the
Bulls feather.

3. Though it be invisible, let no man it scorn
though it be a new feather made of an old
He y disdains it in heart or mind either (how
may be the more subject to wear the Bulls
feather.

4. He that lives discontent, or in despair, (fair
and feareth false measure, because his wife
His thoughts are inconstant, much like win-
ter weather

though one or two want it, he shall have a

5. Bulls feathers are common as Ergo in schools
and onely contemned by those that are fools:
Why should a Bulls feather cause any unrest,
since neighbours face always is counted the
best?

6. Those

The Loyal Garland.

Those women wh'are fairest, are likely't
to give it;

and husbandsthat have them, are apt to
believe it, (to tedder

some men though their wives should seem for
they should play the kinde neighbor, and give
the Bulls feather (kinde

Whyp should we repine that our wives are so
since we that are husbands, are of the same
minde? (fræ?

shall we give them feathers, and think to go
believe it, believe it, that hardly will be.

For he that disdaines my Bulls feather to day
lay light of a Lais y will play him foul play

There's ner'e a proud Gallant that treads
on Cows leather, (feather.

But he may be cornuted, and wear the Bulls

Though Beer of y brewing I never did drinke
yet he not displeas'd if I speak what I think,
warce ten in a hundred, believe it, believe it,
but either they'l have it, or else they will
give it.

Then let me advise all those that do pine,
for fear that false jealousie shorten their time
that disease wil torment them worse than any
fever: (feather

then let all be contented, and wear the Bulls

The Loyal Garland.

The merry Goodfellow.

Why should we not laugh and be jolly,
Since all $\frac{1}{2}$ world now is grown mad
And lull'd in a dull melancholly;

He that wallows in store

Is still gaping for more,

And that makes him as poor,

As the Wretch that never any thing had.

1. How mad is that dam'd Money-monger,

That to purchase to him and his Heirs,

Grows merviled with thirst and hunger;

While we that are bonny,

Buy Sack with ready money,

And ne're trouble the Scrivener, nor Lawyer

2. Those guts that by scraping and coping,

So swell their Revenues so fast,

Get nothing by all their turmoiling,

But are marks of each Cat;

While they load their own backs

With the heavier packs,

And lye down gall'd and wearp at last.

4. While we that do traffick in tipple,

Can baffle the Cown and the Sword,

Whose jaws are so hungry and gripple;

We nere trouble our heads

With Indentures and Deeds,

And our Wills are compos'd in a word.

5. Our money shall never indite us,

Noz drag us to Goldsmiths Hall

The Loyal Garland.

Peats nor wacks can affright us ;
We that have no Estates
Fear no plunder nor rates,
We can sleep with open Gates,
That lies on the ground cannot fall.
We laugh at those Fools whose endeavors
But fit them for Prisons and Fines,
Then we that spend all are the savers ;
For if thieves do break in,
They go out empty agin,
The Plunderers lose their designs.
Then let us not think on to morrow,
But ripple and laugh while we may,
And wash from our hearts all our sorrow ;
Those Cozincants which
Are troubled with an itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.
The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,
What a por is he better than we ?
We must hail to the man with the Buff on ;
Though he Costard may eat,
And such lubbardly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

The Levellers Rant,

In the Hall, to the Hall,
For justice we call,
Our King & his pow'rful adherents & friends
Who still hath endeavor'd, but we work their
ends

His

The Loyal Garland.

'Tis we will pull down what e're is a hope
And make them to fear us y never did love
We'l level the proud, and make ever a degree,
To our Royalty bow the knee,

'Tis no less than treason,
Gainst freedom and Reason,
For our beethren to be higher than we.

2. First the thing call'd a King,

To judgment we bring, (than
And the spawn of the court, that were proud
And next the two Houses united shall be,
It does to the Romish religion inbragle
For a state to be two-headed like a spread eagle
We'l purge the superfluous Members
They are too many Kings to stow,
And as we all teach

'Tis our Liberties breach,
For the freeborn Saints to obey.

3. Not a claw in the Law,

Shall keep us in awe;
We'l have no Cusaion-cuffers to tell us of he,
For we are all gifted to do it as well,
'Tis freedom we do hold forth to the Nation,
To enjoy our fellow creatures as at the creation
The carnal mens wives are for men of the
Their wealth is our own by merit, (spirit
For we that have right,
By the Law called Right,
Are the Saints that must judge and inherit.

FINIS.